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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 218.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, February 5, 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

THE CULT OF THE TOY DOG

The cult of the toy dog grows apace, and a new association has just been formed in the interests of the attractive little Pekingese. Prominent among enthusiastic breeders of this dog is Mrs. Nicholas Lechmere, whose photograph we give with one of her champions

No. 218.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. THE BELLE OF THE BALL.
TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Plains of Alw." By Dorothy Summers. (Everett.)

"Clementina's Highwayman." By Robert N. Stephens and George H. Westby. (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

"The Scourge." By Warrington Dawson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Badminton Magazine for February. Edited by E. T. Watson. (1*s.* net.)

"Debrett's House of Commons, 1908." (Dean: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Ceylon: The Paradise of Adam." By Caroline Corner. (Lane: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Egypt and How to See It." (Ballantyne: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Spirit of Parliament." By Duncan Schwann, M.P. (Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Quest of the Black Opals." By A. Macdonald. (Blackie: 5*d.*)

"The Pearl Seekers." By A. Macdonald. (Blackie: 6*s.*)

"In the Land of Pearl and Gold." By A. Macdonald. (Blackie: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Armada Gold." By Edgar Turner and Reginald Hodder. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Censorship." (Arden Press: 2*d.*)

"The Last of Her Race." By J. Bloundelle-Burton. (Milne: 6*s.*)

"First Person Paramount." By Ambrose Pratt. (Ward Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Silver Zone." By K. P. Emmett. (Murray: 6*s.*)

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday February 5. 1908

"Speak softly, carry a big stick, and you will go far!" was President Roosevelt's advice, proffered at a dinner-party last week, in reference to America's attitude towards Japan. The President would have sustained his character for diplomacy better if he had added the rest of the burglar's maxim—viz., "Don't get your tips printed."

* * *

The wrestling competitions at the Alhambra seem to have had quite a breathless interest for the audience. Again and again—writes a correspondent—you could have heard a pin-fall.

* * *

It is rumoured that an attempt will shortly be made to give up trying to save Crosby Hall. This public-spirited enterprise should have the sympathy of a very large part of the nation.

* * *

Mr. Haldane will be well advised if he abolishes from the Army the present obnoxious system of confidential reports. Why should our contemporaries—many of them published at the wholly inadequate price of a halfpenny—be put to the expense and trouble of working up an Army scandal without knowing any of the actual facts connected with it?

* * *

"Long after he had sketched out the plot of his forthcoming play," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "Mr. Max Pemberton found that it was practically identical with a real episode recorded in the annals of Kronstadt." It seems to us uncommonly mean for Truth to go and compete with Mr. Max Pemberton in this way, and try and make him out a plagiarist. We feel sure he isn't.

* * *

The next thing to happen will be that Mr. Hall Caine's unpublished version of the Druce mystery will turn out to be the correct one. What is coming over the masters of "the long-bow, the strong bow," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle so happily calls it?

* * *

The decline in the English birth-rate is a good deal more serious than many people imagine. If this sort of thing goes on, the possibility of any publisher of the future publishing a History of the World at 4¾*d.* (relying on 40,000,000 readers) will become a very thin one. A diminished posterity will have to pay 5*d.* at least, and will very likely have all the bother of opening the packing-case with a poker as well. Wake up, England!

* * *

Count Zeppelin's scheme for a permanent air-ship route between Stuttgart and Lucerne is a capital one, and should certainly appeal to American tourists. Europe in an hour and a half, and a steady enough ship to read a Bædeker in—that is the ideal. And accidents wouldn't matter if they occurred in real historical spots with a quick-lunch restaurant handy.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* is much gratified by the responses made to its offer of a small farm, and regards this as a sign of what it calls "land-hunger." It is a shame to spoil enthusiasms of an artless kind, but we feel convinced that if the *Mail* were to offer a Town house, and motor-car, or even a moderate annuity free of charge, there would also be numerous applications. Only town-hunger and motor-hunger would not sound as well. And old age pensions sounds quite dreadful.

* * *

Limerick—to Mr. Bryan

(*In some of the States, Mr. Bryan, the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency, is regarded as a Moses who will lead on to Zion.*—DAILY PAPER.)

There once was a Candidate Bryan,
Who guessed he was heading for Zion;
But Republicans said,
"We would rather have Ted,
Spry'un Bryan, but Zion's a try-on."

Feminine Irrelevance

HE: "Yes, by Jove, for six months I have been under your thumb—but, ha, ha! the worm has turned at last!"
SHE: "Nasty wriggly thing!"

BY H. M. BATEMAN

King Gustav of Sweden has sent envoys to King Edward to announce that he has ascended the Swedish Throne on the death of his father. The news agencies, of course, announced this some months ago, but it is pleasant to have it confirmed by word of mouth. And there is an absence of hustling about the proceeding that is refreshing and dignified in these days of wires and cables.

* * *

How pleasant it would be if the ordinary person could get his news in this way, if—instead of a boy dropping an ill-printed sheet on one's doorstep—a deputation of elderly gentlemen with tactful manners and Court dress were to call round in the morning! "How about the Test Match?" you would say. "Hutchings, my dear sir," one of them would reply, "mastered the bowling completely, scoring freely all round the wicket." "Jones has put on a stone," a second would add. "The heat was intense," a third would mention, "and the adjournment for tea was welcome." "Really!" you would respond. "That is capital. By the way, which match are you talking of?" "Dear, dear!" the spokesman would say, "I've quite forgotten. You see, we came overland viâ India, mostly riding on camels, and—and——" And then, no doubt, one would have to rush off to catch one's train, without having time to hear what Mr. Balfour thought about the Time Limit.

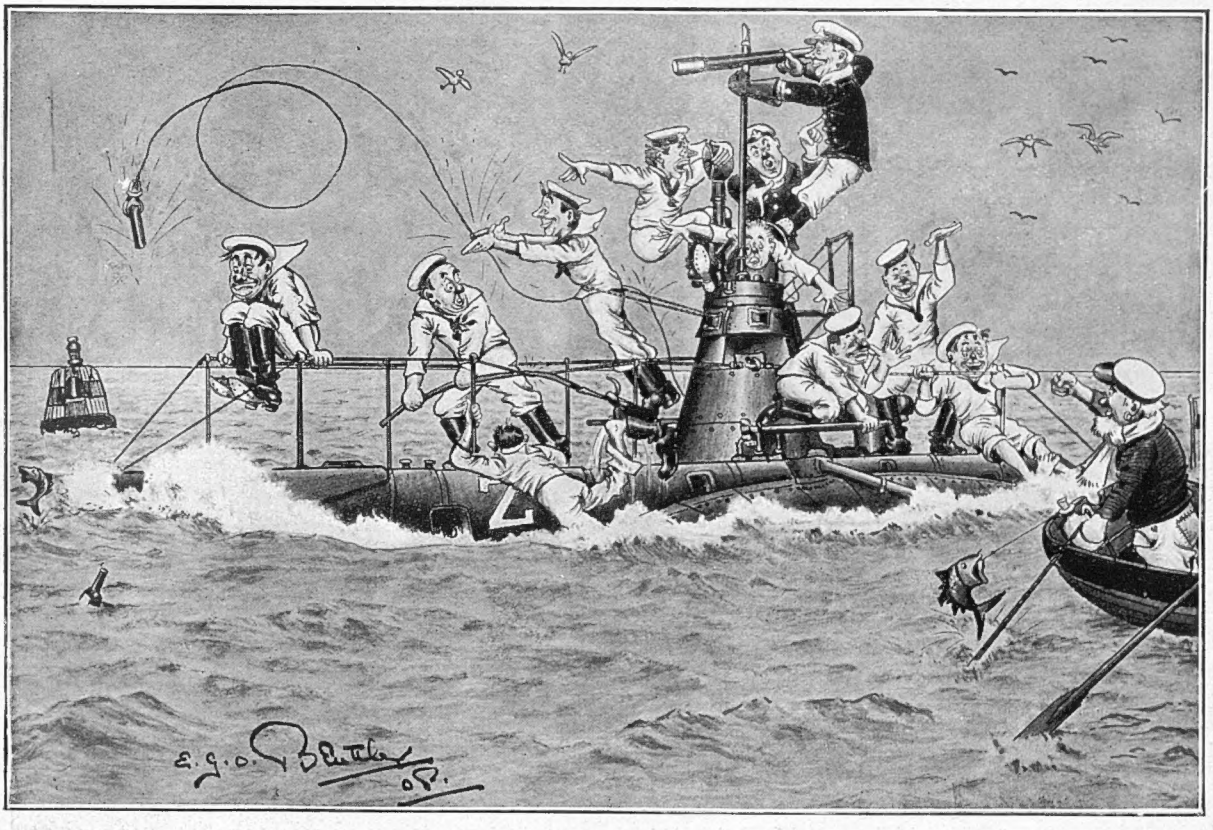
Mrs. Eddy, of Christian Science fame, has changed her home from Concord to Newton, and much indignation has been roused by the fact that, as a New York correspondent puts it, "paintings and other works of art were moved from one house to the other without the knowledge of the people of Concord or Newton." Considering what a crime privacy is in the States, Mrs. Eddy certainly ought to have had her furniture moved in open vans. Otherwise, what are people—with the very best intentions in the world—to think?

* * *

It is not their fault, perhaps, but Germans are not tactful. Their recent discovery of the beauty of Englishwomen is a case in point. It seems the discovery was made owing to an Exhibition of old English masters in Berlin, and it is the Englishwomen of these ancient pictures that they think so lovely. The new English Misses who have visited Berlin are naturally a good deal affronted.

On Thursday afternoon last, at Earle's Hotel, Grosvenor Street, a most successful concert was given in aid of the Shoeless Children's Association by Miss Janotha, the Court pianist to the Kaiser.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY



NO. 9.—SURFACE RUNNING ON SUBMARINE "Z"

Though, of course, the submarine's chief sphere of influence is beneath the "sad sea waves," manœuvres on the surface with its crew on deck are important evolutions which require constant practice. The member of the Navy League (on the right), from whose boat our artist made his sketch, though for the moment disturbed by the interruption caused to his fishing, afterwards confessed to our representative that the smartness and the evident all-round seamanship shown by the crew of Submarine "Z," had been a revelation to him. This is the last drawing in the series, but signed artist's proofs are still obtainable. REMEMBER, HOWEVER, THAT THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE! Therefore apply at once

By E. G. O. Beuttler

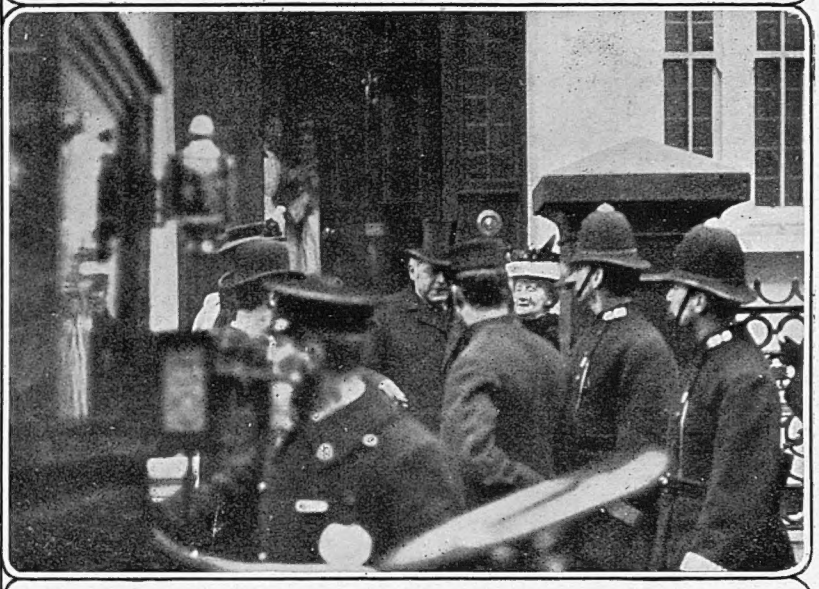
A Pleasant Morning with the Suffragettes

BREAKFAST-TIME CALLS ON THE CABINET

At Mr. Birrell's Residence

MRS. BIRRELL (*at the window*): "Why don't you go away? Your conduct is a perfect disgrace. I shall send for the police"

A Policeman Arrives



Mr. Birrell Himself Comes Out of the House

SUFFRAGETTES: "Votes for Women!! We want your answer"
MR. BIRRELL: "You've got all the answer you're likely to get!"

Photos] **On Sir Edward Grey's Doorstep: Suffragette delivers an impromptu address** [*Illustrations Bureau*

MISS IRENE MILLER: "Ladies and gentlemen, etc., etc."

RACING NOTIONS

LINCOLN AND NATIONAL PROSPECTS. BY CARBINE.

Weights for the Lincoln

The weights for the Spring handicaps are out, but the acceptances do not appear until Wednesday, so that we may for the moment content ourselves with a few brief comments on the prospects of these interesting races. Eider, Dean Swift, and Land League are at the top of the Lincolnshire Handicap, and of their respective chances I think best of Land League's. He has 11 lb. more to carry than the weight with which he won the Cambridgeshire; but his performance on that occasion fully justifies the increase. In beating Malua—a little luckily, perhaps—he upset what was considered one of the biggest certainties ever known in racing. Land League is really a miler, and the Lincoln course should exactly suit him. Our old friend, Kaffir Chief, gets in with only 3 lb. more than he carried into second place last season, and he showed us at Manchester in November that he has not lost his dash. Brewer has, I consider, a good Lincolnshire chance with three candidates—Sham Fight, The Bedouin, and Bellatrix. Keep your eye on the last-named—she is smart. Mr. James Buchanan has a promising youngster in Temeraire, the crack Irish colt, whom he recently purchased. May he find the grey a luckier purchase than Noctuiform.

A Question of Condition

There is no lottery so great in flat-racing as the Lincolnshire Handicap. So much depends on condition. For example, recall Velocity last year. He was "down the course" at Lincoln, whereas had he been as fit as he was at Epsom five weeks later he would have smothered Ob and the rest. For two seasons in succession a French owner has won this race mainly on account of superiority of condition. Can it be that English trainers do not begin serious work early enough for the start of flat-racing? The number of horses which are sent to Lincoln every year as fat as bullocks is deplorable. No wonder poor stay-at-home backers who support their fancy on the preceding season's form often have a shocking time! No wonder that the bookies like Lincoln and Liverpool! It is really too early yet to forecast the result of the Lincolnshire Handicap, but Land League would be my present choice if it were necessary to make a selection.

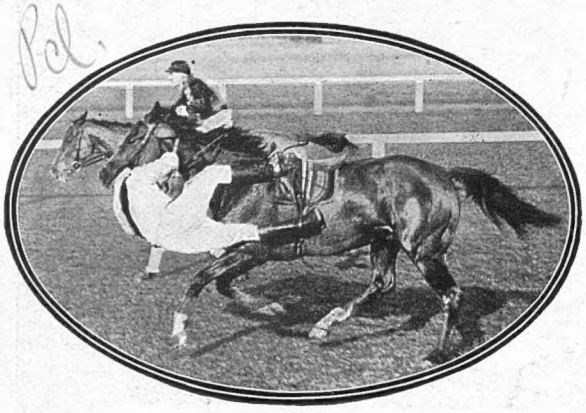


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Snapping Off His Head!

The curious effect of a snapshot of J. M. Kerne falling from Jackanapes in the Royston Selling Plate at Newbury last week

The Grand National Top Weight

As we all expected, Ascetic's Silver tops the Grand National weights; 12 st. 7 lb. is, indeed, a steadier, but by no means an impossible weight, as Cloister showed in 1893 and Manifesto six years later. We saw Ascetic's Silver at Newbury last week, but Prince Hatzfeldt's 'chaser is not at his fittest yet—very few National horses are—and he failed to get placed. I observe that one writer criticises Mr. Aubrey Hasting's riding at Newbury, remarking rather unkindly that he will have to improve on his jockeyship if he wants to score again at Aintree. What rubbish! Mr. Hastings is as good as ever he was. People seem to forget that no jockey can come without his horse. We need not fear that the amateur will fail to do justice to his mount at Liverpool next month. Despite his Newbury failure, Ascetic's Silver is likely to be one of the strongest favourites for the National.

"Tips" for the Great Steeplechase

These are already flying about the land, and at Kempton on Saturday I was solemnly assured that Coulthwaite, who scored so brilliantly with Eremon last season, will win the race again—with Roman Law. Another big "tip" is Tom West, second last year, and it must be acknowledged that this fine Northamptonshire jumper is by no means overweighted with 10 st. 7 lb. In fact, he looks to me to be the pick of the handicap. Another whose chance I like is Springbok, who showed in the Grand Sefton that the big Aintree jumps have no terrors for him, while I have marked down the two Irish-trained horses, Apollo Belvedere and Paddy Maher, as being distinctly "dangerous." Much may happen between now and March 27 to cause us to change our views of the National prospects, but I expect the winner to come from the half-dozen candidates mentioned in the course of the foregoing remarks, and as an advance selection I take **Tom West.**

Events of the Week

Although there was some fairly good sport at Kempton, Newbury was unquestionably the best meeting of last week from every standpoint. Carnegie, about the smartest hurdle-racer now in training, put in a fine performance in the Weyhill Hurdle Handicap, but could not beat the always improving Golden Mischief. Snuff showed good form in his two races, and Retort made a brilliant first appearance over hurdles. At Kempton the feature was undoubtedly the success of Holy War, a young horse who came out with the reputation of being the best jumper in Maher's stable, and went some way towards justifying it by his easy victory. At Gatwick this week **On Guard** may win the Tantivy Steeplechase on Wednesday, and **Retort** the International Hurdle Race on the following day. **Amersham** is my selection for the Sandown Grand Prize on Friday, and **Seisdon Prince** for the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on the second day of the meeting.

Who Stole Those Jewels?

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR IN DUBLIN

Much Pre-occupied

The Viceroy, Lord Aberdeen, walking in Dublin

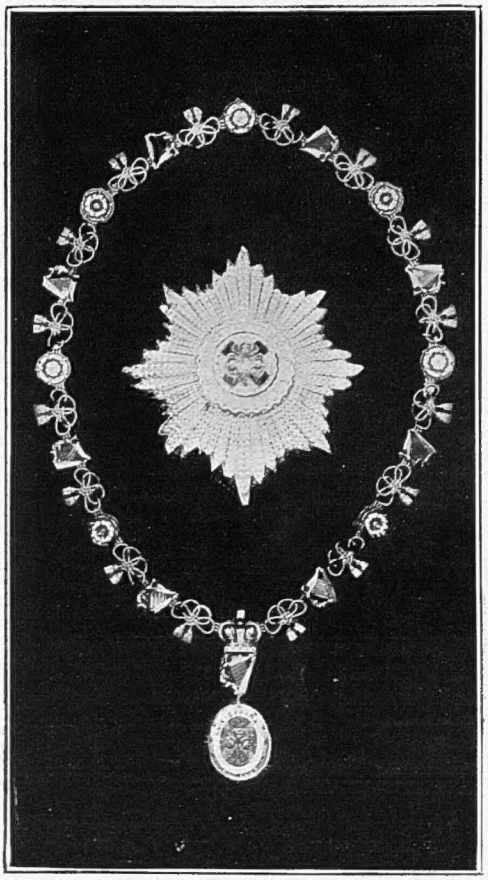


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Cause of all the Pother!

The St. Patrick's Order and Diamond Star which was stolen. The identity of the thief continues to arouse the wildest speculation

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Sir Arthur Vicars (on the right) Walking with Lord Dudley, the ex-Viceroy

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Scene of the Robbery The Office of Arms, Dublin. On the right is the window of the room from which the jewels were stolen

The long and keenly awaited report of the Commissioners regarding the theft of the Irish Crown Jewels was published on Saturday, in which Sir Arthur Vicars was censured and dismissed for not having exercised due care with regard to their safety. However, although the announcement was made that his successor had been appointed, Monday brought the startling news that Sir Arthur had refused to resign. The wildest rumours are now being circulated, which threaten to involve Dublin in a second edition of the Berlin *camarilla* scandals

Parliament Opened by Their Majesties

Photo *Bolak*

THE KING LEAVING THE HOUSE AFTER DELIVERING HIS SPEECH

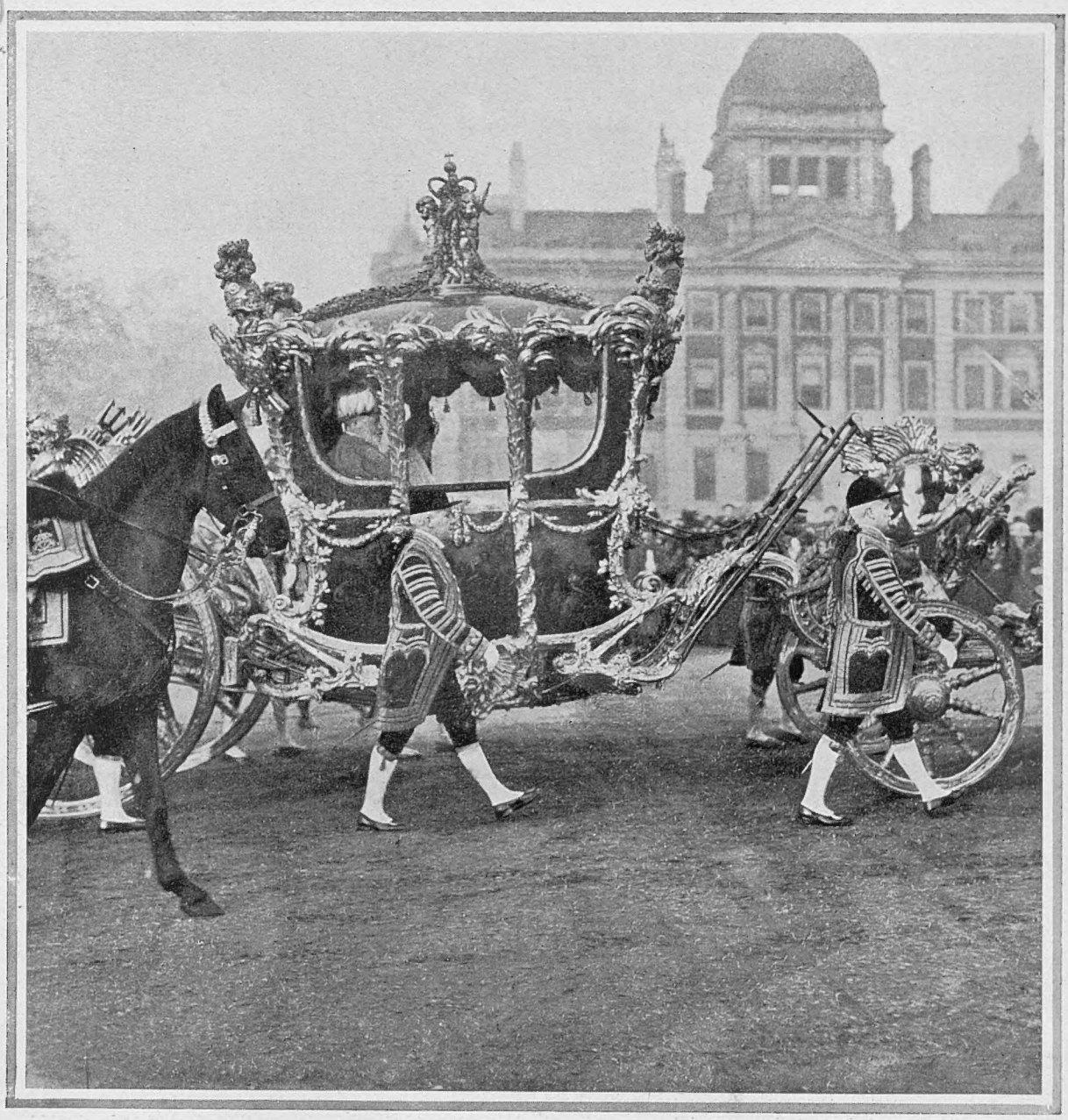


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING UP THE MALL EN ROUTE FOR THE HOUSE

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Bagged by Winston! A rhino shot by Mr. Winston Churchill at Simba, during his African tour

London Awakens—

Politically and socially, London is awake again. There are sure and certain signs. The Suffragettes are clamouring at the gates; Mr. Balfour has influenza; the Ritz is full of Dukes; and the rumoured resignation of Sir Antony MacDonnell is, in accordance with time-honoured custom, contradicted.

* * *

—But Only Soon to Sleep Again

Last week, from the foggy lethargy of months, we awoke to work and pleasure. The opening of Parliament, a speech from the Throne, remarkable chiefly for its omissions, an English *Ring* at Covent Garden, and lots of political dinner-parties, started the ball rolling. Socially, however, 'tis but a skirmish. In a fortnight it will die down and only wake again when May comes round and the Court is once more here.

* * *

The First Court

To-morrow night, in the ballroom of Buckingham Palace, the King and Queen hold the first Court of the season. As usual, invitations have been confined almost exclusively to the diplomatic and official world. The whole of the Corps Diplomatique, the Ambassadors, and Chefs de Mission, accompanied by their wives, will attend, as well as all the Ministers, ex-Ministers, and other distinguished Service and Court officials. Courts of the present day improve upon those of the Victorian era in almost every particular. Inside the Palace, flowers, soft lights, and comforting warmth create a veritable fairyland, and, outside, no longer is bare-shouldered middle-age exposed too brutally to the light of noon-day and the relentless gaze of sight-seeing Clapham.

Photo Graphic Photo Union

Mr. William Baird weds Lady Hersey Conyngham

The ceremony took place on the 28th ult. at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. The bridegroom is the son of Sir David Baird, of Prestonkirk, and the bride is a sister of the Marquess Conyngham

Court Suppers

Formerly, too, no beneficent M. Messager devoted great brains to feed the hungry Palace guests. Going to Court was a starvation game when I was young. There was never time for lunch, and one was always late for tea, and the aforesaid Clapham disapproved of flasks even more than of footmen. Under present conditions, supper, if it is *sur le pouce*, is, at any rate, there, and the real, sit-down affair which follows, taken cosily in the candle-lit comfort of one's own or one's friend's dining-room, is certainly more conducive to conversation and conviviality than were the "drawing-room teas" with which, in Victorian days, we innocently celebrated our presentations.

* * *

The Royal Progress

The King and Queen, according to present arrangements, leave London for the Continent at the end of the week. Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, who is in command of the Royal yacht, is in readiness to convoy their Majesties across the water, and it is expected that they will go first to Copenhagen, and afterwards on to Christiania. Both the King and Queen are looking in most radiant health. The King's voice, as he read his Speech last week, sounded deeper and stronger than ever, and the Queen looked her loveliest in the close-fitting, jewelled black gown, crossed with the bright blue ribbon of the Garter, and shadowed by the gossamer lace veil she always wears on State occasions.

* * *

"Lord de Morley"

The attempt of Mr. Roe de Morley to take possession

The Latest Topics of the Moment

of a seat in the House of Peers by right of his alleged titles was the only incident which in any way disturbed the ordered ceremonies of Wednesday last. Mr. de Morley, who is in business on the salubrious Hampstead heights, it may be remembered, formally laid his claim before the House of Lords some years ago, at which time the Attorney-General of the day (now Lord Chief Justice) gave it as his opinion that there was not so much as a *prima facie* case for the House to consider. It is also interesting to recall that Lord de Mauley (a peer who was standing close by Mr. de Morley in the House when that gentleman was requested to leave) found it necessary to advertise some years ago that he "was not the same person as, and had no connection with, Lord de Morley."

* * *

The Portuguese Tragedy

At the moment of going to Press the terrible news reaches us of the assassination of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal, at which I venture to express THE BYSTANDER'S deep sense of horror and our regret at the removal of one of the most popular personalities in Europe, an intimate friend of our own Sovereign. Published, as luck would have it, on another page ("Continental Chat") is a set of photographs of the late King and his family at Villavicosa. The reader's attention is there drawn — alas, in all innocence! — to the *insouciant* attitude of the King, and to the exceedingly jovial expressions on the faces of the house-party who little dreamed, apparently, that a few hours would wreak so hideous a change in the picture. It is too early to estimate the political consequences of the tragedy. Our hopes go out to the young King Manuel that he will succeed, with the aid of the new Cabinet, in restoring quiet and in securing the throne of the House of Braganza against its evidently unscrupulous enemies.

* * *

The Dublin Scandals

The much-awaited report of the Jewels Commission, while it seems to make the position of the Government in dismissing Sir Arthur Vicars fairly justifiable, yet throws no light on the real mystery — Who Stole the Jewels?

Photo Illustrations Bureau

Thaw Not Guilty

Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, after giving evidence, leaves the Court which, on Saturday, acquitted Thaw of the wilful murder of Stanford White, on the ground of temporary insanity

Radicalism Means Dearer Living

When this you See, Remember Me

The poster which won South Hereford

Photo Halftones, Ltd.

The New M.P. for South Hereford: Captain Clive

He won back the seat from the Liberals by a majority of 1,019—a striking Conservative victory

As has been the case all along, one name continues to be passed from mouth to mouth, but no steps are taken to dispel such rumours. Furthermore, the case has now entered fatally upon its most unsavoury stage. Accusations are being freely made, of the same kind as were circulated in Berlin prior to the Harden-Moltke trials, involving highly placed personages in charges of a most repellent character. In fact, the morality of certain officials is, even more than the identity of the thief, the topic of the moment in Viceregal circles. Such charges should at once be carefully investigated, and their baselessness established. We cannot tolerate a *camarilla* scandal in Dublin. Adverting to the Report, by the way, the question on everybody's lips is, if this is all it has to tell us, why on earth were the proceedings themselves and the publication kept so private? Either something has been hushed up, or there has been much ado about nothing. Mr. Birrell's explanation, extracted from him by Mr. Long, in the House of Commons, will be eagerly read.

* * *

South Hereford

After Mid-Devon, South Hereford. Captain Clive's victory is, if anything, even more decisive than that of Captain Morrison-Bell. No doubt the self-same poster, "When this you see, remember me," helped the Hereford as it helped the Devon victory. Though, of course, it is not possible to hold the Cabinet responsible for the rise in bread, the tearful fact remains that they *did*, at the General Election, obtain their majority largely by promising Cheap Food (or even Free Food!) to the proletariat. It is unlucky for them that the loaf has become dearer, but at elections, Governments should not make too free with prophecy.

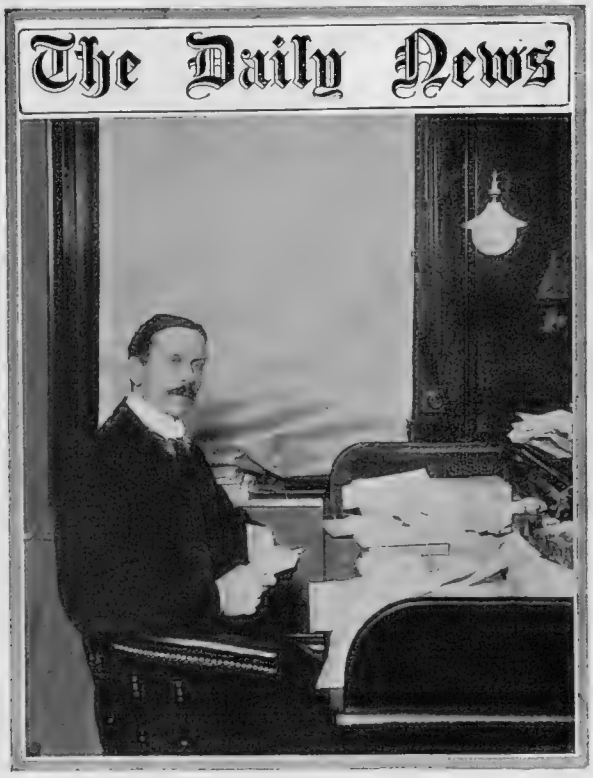
* * *

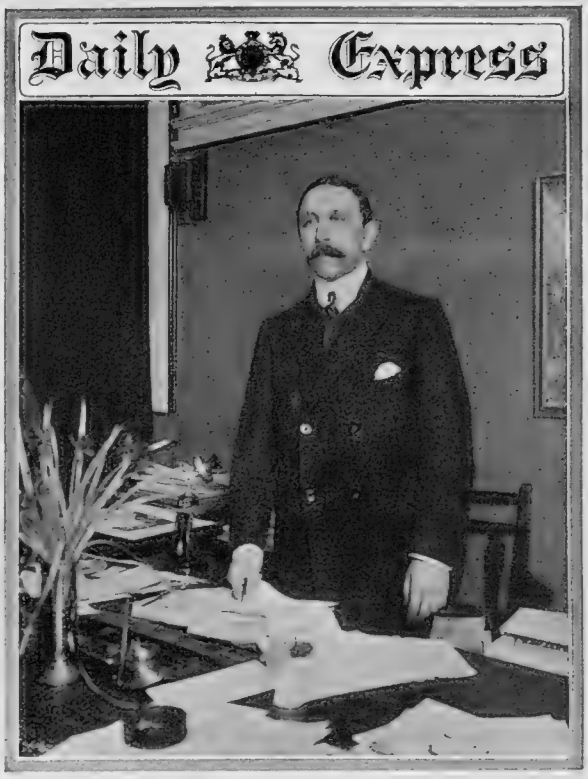
Kaleidoscopic Politics

We live quickly nowadays. Not only measures but men shift in the political kaleidoscope with a rapidity which would have brought upon our immediate forbears a widespread and devastating visitation of apoplectic seizures. Once there were two Parties in the State; now one looks in vain for a single Tory or a single Liberal undiluted. The very latest development comes with the sudden plunge into prominence of Socialism—with Labour, like an unwilling child, dragging at her hand.

Men Who Make Our Politics

THE EDITORS OF THREE OF THE LONDON PAPERS ONE *MUST* READ

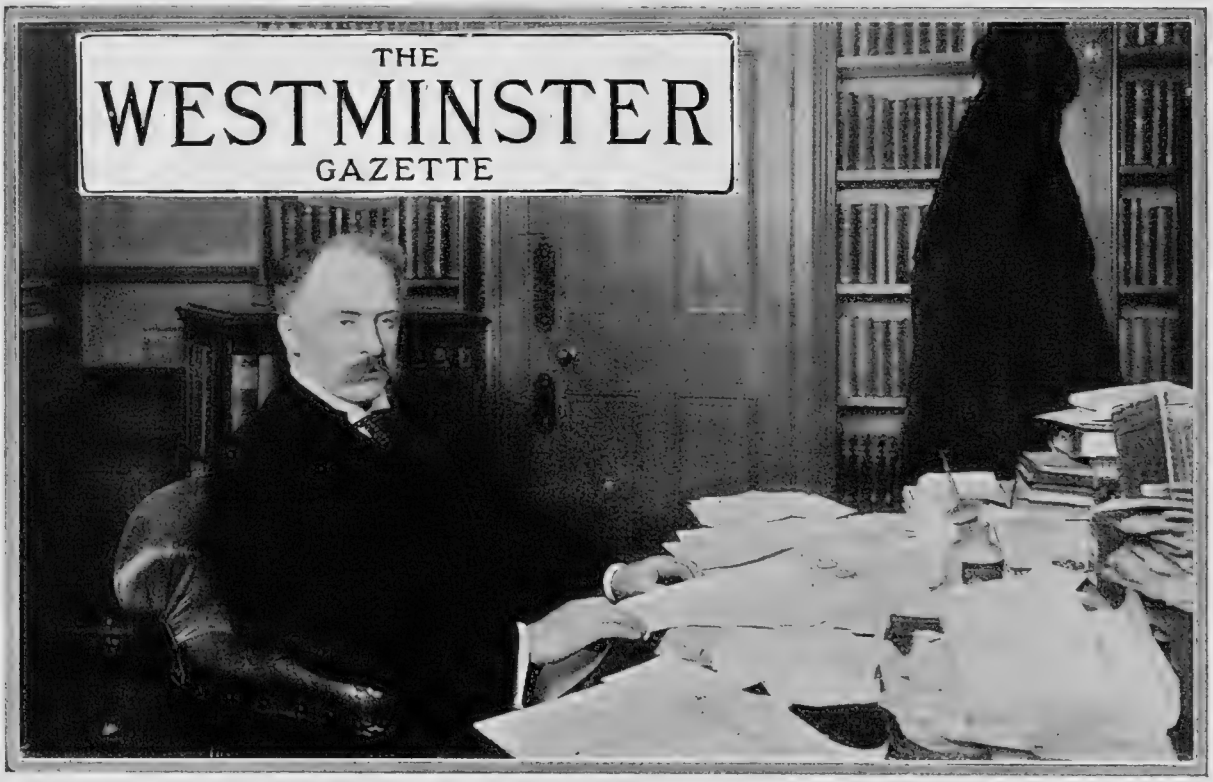




FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEIR POLITICS HOT

Mr. A. G. Gardiner
Editor of the *Daily News*, the organ of advanced Radicalism (*and* Nonconformity)

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld
Editor of the *Daily Express*, the organ of advanced Toryism (*and* Tariff Reform)



FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEM MILD

Mr. J. A. Spender
Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, the organ of moderate Liberalism (larger Tory circulation than any other Liberal paper on the face of the earth)

Dublin's Social Awakening

Politicians, the Press—

Another still more startling footprint in the sand is to be discerned in the changing relations between politicians and the Press. The present Government, inchoate and miscellaneous to the n^{th} degree, is particularly subject to the currents and cross-winds of outside opinion. And these are most commonly and easily directed, not to say manufactured, by the daily papers. There was a time when the Press—or the more privileged portion of it—played mouthpiece for the Administration. To-day, if it be going too far to reverse the saying, it is at least a fact that inspiration passes from Press to politician rather than from politician to Press.

* * *

—And Some Editors

Our photographs this week include three editors whose papers spread their influence in spheres as widely separated as the poles, yet purely political in every case. Mr. Alfred Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, stands alone in that, erudite, statesmanlike, able, and most dignified, his is yet the unofficial organ of a Government to which none of these adjectives could by any stretch of the imagination be applied. Mr. Gardiner, of the *Daily News*, on the other hand, having been for many years a Blackburn journalist, ably edits a paper which goes to the extreme Radical and Nonconformist—a mixture which, according to Mr. Balfour, is to be the "tail" of the new Labour-Socialist Party. Last of our trio, but by no means the least, is Mr. Blumenfeld, of the *Daily Express*, whose work on the most extreme of Tariff Reform newspapers is plainly marked with the stamp of the Stars and Stripes. He served his apprenticeship in the States, and boasts an "American editor" (*vide* "Who's Who") as father.

Photo *Bover*

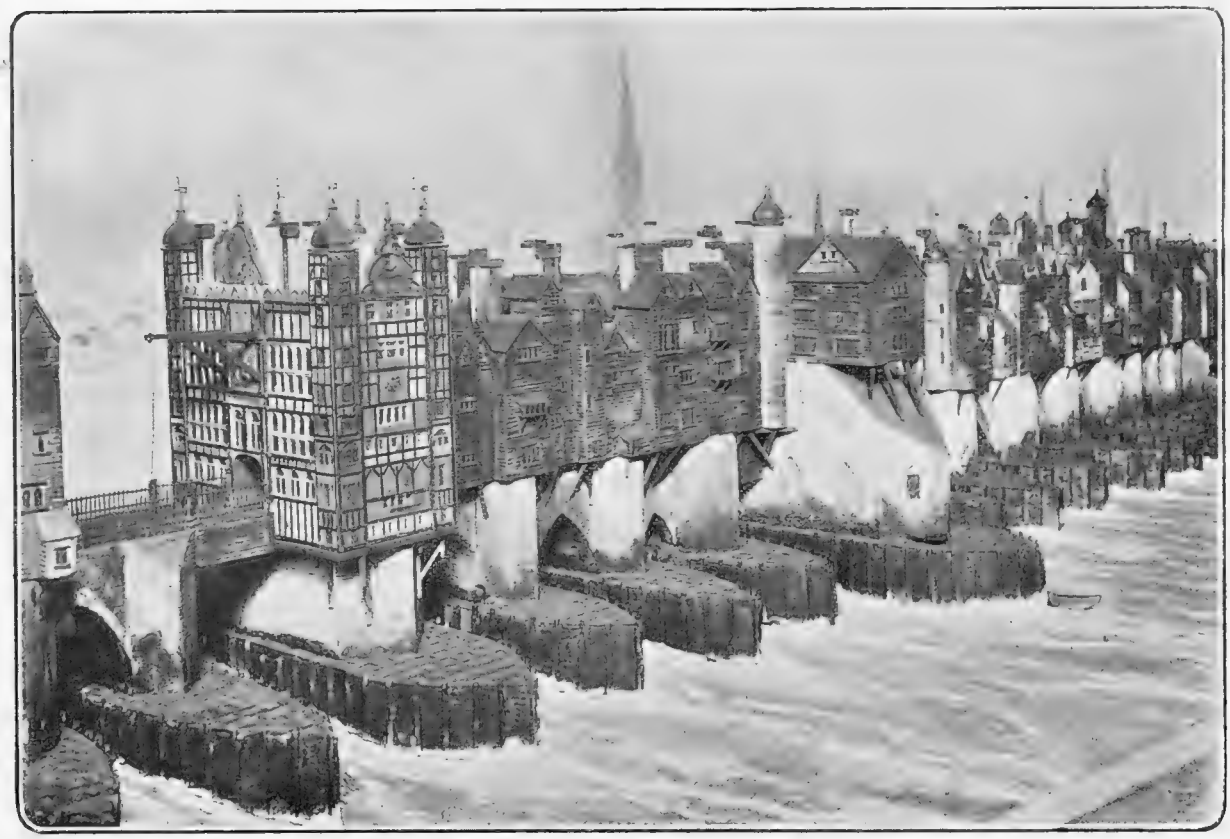
Miss de Robeck

To be presented at the Dublin Court this week. She is the eldest daughter of Baron de Robeck, ex-Master of the Kildare Foxhounds, of Gowran Grange, Naas, Co. Kildare

* * *

The Awakening of Ireland

Officially, Dublin wakes to social life this week. Their Excellencies are in residence, the Castle is itself again, and the "Season" has begun. The jewel scandal is still the *plat du jour*, but it is becoming—has become, indeed—a hopeless bore. Scandals, be they short, are sweet, but scandals long drawn out are horrid, and the suppression



Photo] **For the Forthcoming Franco-British Exhibition: A Representation of Old London Bridge** [*Campbell-Gray*

One of the most attractive exhibits at the forthcoming International Exhibition will be the above model, which will show the East side of the Bridge. On the left-hand side of the picture will be seen Nonsuch House, with its drawbridge. St. James's Chapel is seen in the centre of the picture, with old St. Paul's in the background

A Singer of Russian Songs

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

MRS. GEORGE SWINTON AT HOME AT PONT STREET

Mrs. Swinton is taking part in a concert to be given at Claridge's on February 20 for the Invalid Children's Aid Society. She is the wife of the March Pursuivant of Arms, and sings Russian songs with great charm. She has lately given several concerts as a professional

Customs—and the Woman

of the obvious truth about the matter by the Government is likely, one day, to bring vengance heavy-handed. An interesting feature in the Irish menu just at present is the Lords' admission of Lord Curzon of Kedleston as a Representative Peer for Ireland. For, over in Ireland, though it is universally conceded that Lord Curzon could not but prove a valuable accession to the House of Lords, there is a very decided feeling that Lord Ashtown —his "runner-up"—would be the better defender of Irish interests. There is this, of course, under the present regime, to remember—that Lord Ashtown is not a Home Ruler. He is an anti-Land Leaguer of the most dogged type. He represents the British idea of landlordism in Ireland. He is a patriot in that he believes his retention of his land to be in the best interests of the country, and his extreme unpopularity in his own district only proves the courage of his convictions.

* * *

Customs—and the Woman

As a mere man, I sometimes stand amazed at the astoundingly easy code of morals invariably displayed by the ruling sex where Companies, Customs, and Governmental regulations are concerned. It arises, I presume, from woman's inability to be anything but concrete. She simply does not perceive a duty which lies one inch beyond the end of her own pretty nose. Miss Shonts, the future Duchesse de Chaulnes, appears to share this little failing with the rest of the feminine world, for, according to the latest New York cables, she has lately mulcted the Customs in some $1,200 due to them upon frocks brought from Paris last "fall." It is fortunate that the Duke, her betrothed, who arrived upon the scene just as the Customs House officials were searching the Shonts' abode, regards this amateur smuggling with the same easy indulgence. "He smiled," relates the wire.

* * *

The Vaughan Marriage

Captain Charles Vaughan, whose marriage to Miss Florence Lister-Kaye is to take place in London at the end of this month, owes his position as heir to the fine Courtfield Estates in Herefordshire to the fact that no fewer than four of his father's elder brothers, in order to enter the Church, renounced their succession to the family property. Of these four only one—Father Kenelm Vaughan, missionary in South America —survives. The rest, Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop Roger Vaughan, of Sydney, and Prior Jerome Vaughan, founder of the great Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus, are deceased, all four having, in turn, relinquished the world for the Church, and left their inheritance to Colonel Francis Vaughan, of Courtfield, son of Captain Vaughan. The two younger sons of Colonel Vaughan are both priests, and one of his daughters is a nun.

Photo *K. Collings*

Miss Theodora Shonts

The daughter of the American millionaire, who is shortly marrying the Duc de Chaulnes. She is the heroine of an amateur smuggling episode, in which the U.S.A. Customs Authorities say they have been defrauded of $1,200 duty on Paris gowns

Photos

Capt. Charles Vaughan

Heir of Col. Vaughan, of Courtfield, Hereford, and nephew of Father Bernard Vaughan. He is to marry Miss Florence Lister-Kaye

Thomson

Miss Florence Lister-Kaye

The youngest daughter of Mr. Cecil and Lady Beatrice Lister-Kaye, who is marrying Capt. Vaughan at the end of the month

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Vera Vincent

The daughter of Sir Howard Vincent. Last week she married Mr. Bernard Hutton Croft, of the Grenadier Guards, at the Guards' Chapel

* * *

Brother Bishops

The Bishop of Chichester, a moderate Churchman, is, like his brother, a Cambridge man, and like him, too, a former London vicar, having ministered for twenty years to the spiritual needs of modish Bayswater at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. But in one aspect of his brother's London experiences he had no share. It is almost forgotten now, but a couple of years ago the Bishop of Kensington brought a miniature storm about his ears through the sale of his rectory of St. Botolph's Without, Bishopsgate, and was freely and eloquently attacked as an absentee rector, an episcopal butterfly, and other horrid terms from the clerical vocabulary of vituperation. Yet another brother in this remarkable family is Sir West Ridgeway, soldier, ex-Under-Secretary, and Colonial Governor.

* * *

The Season in Khartoum

At Khartoum — whence Gordon looked across the desert for that help which only came too late—a season of gaiety only possible where it is "always afternoon" has reached its height. For Khartoum, a word which spelled not long ago the very essence of desolation, is now a veritable social Mecca — a sort of Babylon. To winter in Khartoum is now the

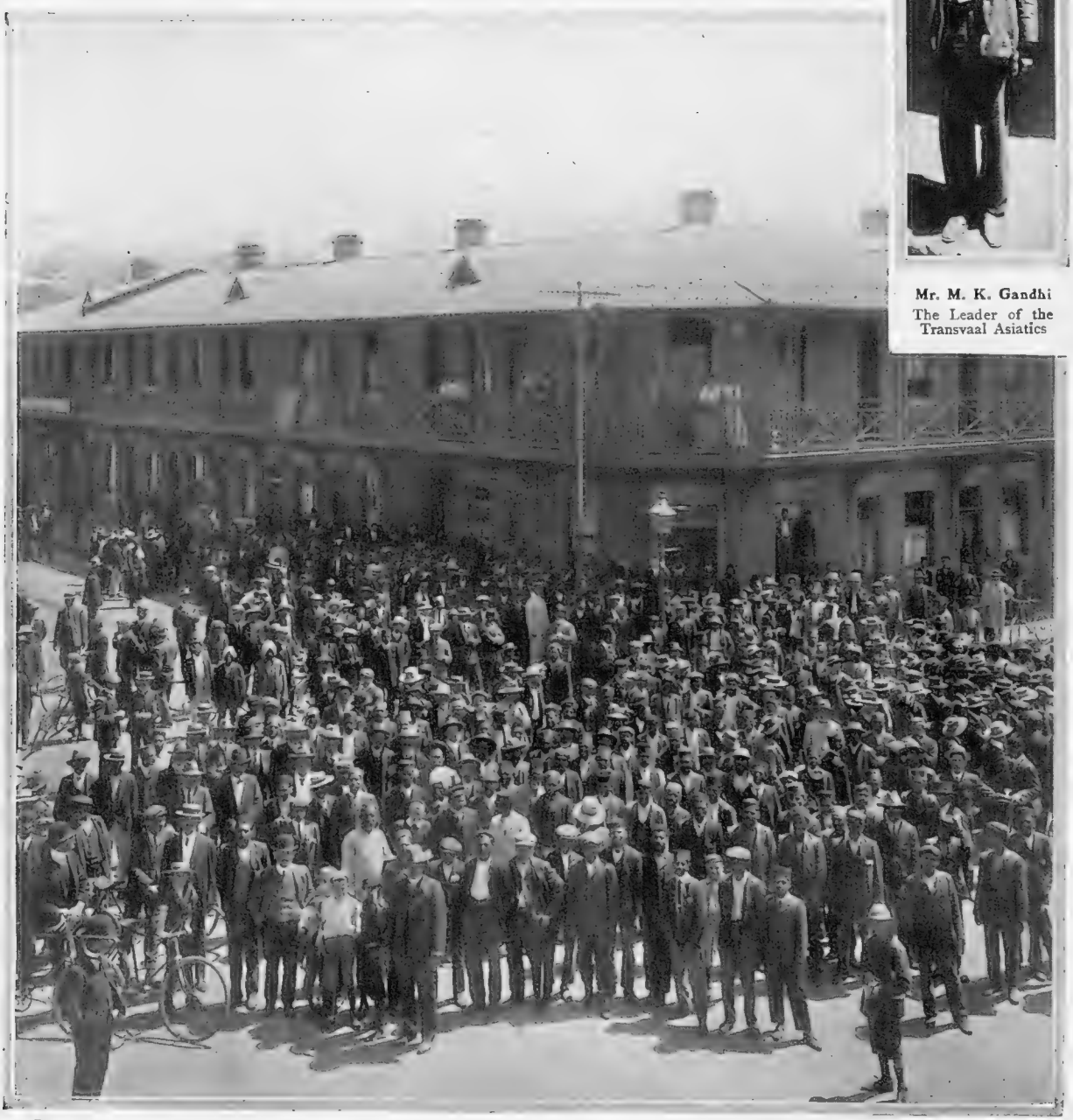
A Momentous Imperial Problem

THE TRANSVAAL ASIATICS WHOSE LOT IS THE SUBJECT OF A COMMONS DEBATE

Left to right: C. M. Pillay, Nawab Khan, M. K. Gandhi, T. Naidoo, P. K. Naidoo, M. Eastun, J. F. Fortson, M. E. Karwa, Leon Quin

A Group of Nine Prominent Transvaal Asiatics who have been Ordered to Quit the Country

Mr. M. K. Gandhi
The Leader of the Transvaal Asiatics



Photos *Brittain*

Crowd of Asiatics outside Mr. Gandhi's Office, December 31, 1907

The question whether British Indians and other Asiatics are to be expelled from the Transvaal Colony, as a result of the new immigration laws of Mr. Botha's Government, is likely to prove one of the most troublesome that has yet arisen for Lord Elgin. On the one side is the British Government's obligation not to interfere with the wishes of self-governing Colonies, who may wish to exclude Asiatics; on the other, their moral responsibility for the welfare of British Asiatic subjects. In the case of the Transvaal Indians, many of those under notice to quit have been for years resident in the Transvaal. Even under Mr. Kruger's rule they enjoyed more liberal treatment than under the present "British" Government. In fact, the proper treatment of British Indians was one of the subjects most energetically pressed on the Transvaal Republic by Mr. Chamberlain, with salutary results. People are beginning to ask what is the value of the British Empire if British citizens are liable to be expelled from a British Colony on grounds of colour?

Shade of Gordon! A Khartoum Race Meeting

end of every man's—or shall we say of every woman's?—whole desire. It is not so long since Cairo held this proud position. I, who write, though not so very ancient as years go, remember when the Mena Hotel was a private house; when one could reach the great Pyramids only by carriage, on foot, or on horseback; when the Ghezireh Hotel was a palace in whose exquisite gardens one could sit—steeped in sunshine and the perfume of the orange trees; and our picture of Captain Riccards on Sundridge at Khartoum reminds me of the Cairo racecourse, the prettiest, save that of Sandown Park, which I have ever known.

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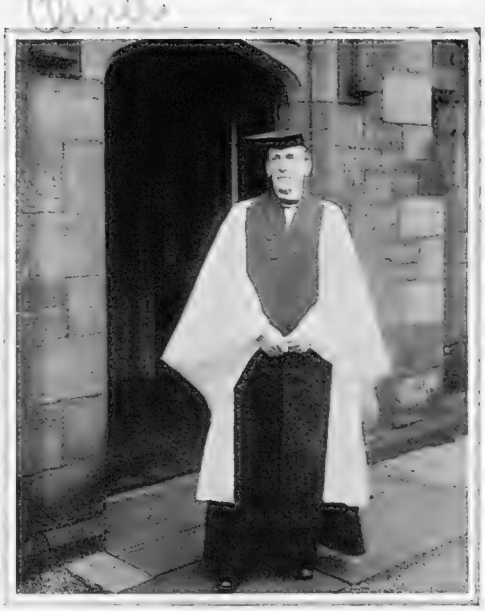


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The New Bishop of Chichester

Dr. Ridgeway, Dean of Carlisle, who was consecrated Bishop of Chichester at Westminster Abbey on January 25

The Kaiser on Beauty

The Exhibition of Older English Art, which has been organised by the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts in honour of the Kaiser's forty-ninth birthday, has moved that facile critic to perfect orgies of eulogy on the well-tried subject of English beauty. In particular he admired the "Miss Farren" of Lawrence, and in general he declared he did not wonder English painters sometimes painted, for they had "such magnificent subjects." English good-looks, declares the Kaiser, strike him afresh each time he comes to England. And so say all of us. Never do I return from the Continent without remarking for the 100th time on the beauty of the English. The English woman, *en masse*, cannot talk, cannot walk, cannot dress. Yet, universally, she is beautiful. Over in America, the Gibson type notwithstanding, beauty is as rare as modesty. American women make up for its lack in talk, in dash—or shall we say in worth?—but seldom, or never, are they beautiful. The trouble is that we English people lack conceit. A plain English woman is devastatingly, completely conscious of the painful fact. A plain Frenchwoman or American only adds it to the armoury of her charms—for in its defence she doubles all the rest of her defences. I recall the case of a noted woman of the Empire who was so proud of her lack of good looks that she would ask imperiously of her followers if she were not the ugliest woman in Paris, and the gallant who wished to please her had promptly to reply, *"Dans le monde, madame. Dans le monde!"*

Photos

Captain Riccards' Sundridge, winner of the principal race at the Khartoum Meeting

Capt. O Callaghan

Sir Eldon Gorst, the British Agent, with (on the right) Lady Wingate and Sir Francis Wingate, the Sirdar, at the Khartoum Races

English Beauty In Excelsis

LAWRENCE'S "MISS FARREN," ABOUT WHICH ALL BERLIN (INCLUDING THE KAISER) IS IN RAPTURES

Of all the paintings by old English masters exhibited in Berlin, the Kaiser is reported to have singled out as his favourite the above masterpiece by Lawrence, the Portrait of Miss Farren, the lady who afterwards married Lord Derby. The portrait is particularly admired by German women as an ideal type of English beauty, while critics agree in regarding it as a superb achievement in masterly paint, in grace of pose, and in arrangement. The Kaiser's remark has led to a discussion in the Press as to whether the type of English beauty has deteriorated since the days of the old masters. We dare not venture our opinion

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HAYMARKET
"HER FATHER"

I crave the opportunity to witness the play by Messrs. Guinon and Bouchinet, from which *Her Father* was adapted, in order to find out whether the author should be put with Mr. Michael Morton in the pillory.

The offence of this one or these three gentlemen is this. They have combined to build up a play and set it going upon what promises to be a fair and prosperous journey. When their enterprise is about to be crowned with success they have, with wanton malignancy, set to work to smash it to pieces.

The reconciliation scene of the last act of *Her Father* is grotesque. It is a screaming absurdity. If the authors or the adaptor, or all three gentlemen, expect us to swallow this saccharine concoction, they should have prepared us for it by homeopathic doses. They should have sprinkled sugar over the whole dish instead of reserving it all for the last mouthful.

Up to a point the play is a clever exposition of the forces at work in a young girl's character. With great skill the authors show us the tendencies inherited from her father by Irene Forster (Miss Marie Löhr). In little things she betrays dissatisfaction with her life with her mother. The Hampstead flat is comfortable; she would welcome luxury. Frank Morris is a steady young man; she would be dazzled. When Irene goes to stay with Lord Claremont, the father who has lived apart from his wife for eighteen years, her nature expands. At first she resists her father's blandishments. Little by little he breaks down her resentment against him for his treatment of her mother.

This bad husband, for whose desertion of his wife no explanation or even excuse is given, plays the devoted father as a kind of new game. It is a welcome change from the life led by his associates, wittily referred to as the "Where shall we go to-night? brigade." He is charmed by her grace and manner. To his delight, this pretty little daughter possesses not a trace of *gaucherie*. It comes natural to her to move in luxurious surroundings, and to chat with those gay worldlings, Sir Claude Trehmayne and the Hon. Mrs. Ridgeley-Fane. Her father's *entourage*, so different from that to which she has been accustomed with her mother, possesses, however, no terrors for her.

All this is subject-matter for a play, and Miss Löhr is very winsome in her portrayal of the young girl. But as the play progresses the dread seizes us that the authors or the adaptor, or all three, are going to violate probability in order to give us a "happy ending." They commit this great crime.

In order, apparently, that the audience may be sent home happy, those irreconcilables, the husband and wife, are violently brought together. The daughter seals this preposterous union with a kiss upon their clasped hands. I can only compare the effect of this "curtain" upon the sensitive playgoer with that which would be produced upon a musician if the Queen's Hall orchestra played the last six bars of a composition out of tune. The acting may have had something to do with the *débâcle* of the play. Lord Claremont should surely have been a selfish, heartless worldling with a fascinating manner. Mr. Bourchier left us with the impression of a good-natured, easy-going family man, with a propensity to be comic in a laboured manner.

Miss Henrietta Watson, who has recently become associated on the stage with the rôles of sharp-tongued, but not unkindly spinsters, played the wife with a talent for emotional acting of which I have long suspected her. The artist in her must have shivered over that handshake.

Photo Foulsham and Banfield

Widow Twankey

Mr. Malcolm Scott, the enormously successful Widow Twankey in *Aladdin*, at the Adelphi, is the brother of Admiral Sir Percy Scott. He made his first success at the Empire, Glasgow, and now has not a vacant date till 1911

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE
"SUSANNAH AND SOME OTHERS"

I have heard a few original criticisms in my day, and among them I must add the following remarks I overheard upon Madame Albanesi's comedy, adapted from her own book, and entitled *Susannah and Some Others*. My amateur critic was grumblirg to his friend (and he had my sympathy) upon the exceeding lateness of the hour when the curtain fell upon the last act of the four.

"But I stuck it out," he said. "You see, you never know what these playwrights will get up to. Besides, I wanted to see how the thing ended!" I chortled in my glee. Had Shakespeare by chance overheard the latter remark apropos his tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, would he have frowned mightily, think you? I trow not. He would more likely have smiled broadly and added to his already rich and varied stock of types drawn from real life.

How delicious is this man's suspicions! He feels, what we have all felt at times, that all should not be taken for granted that is cried out and chalked up at the entrance; that the showman is prone to exaggerate; in fine, that the playgoer is often in the same state of mind as the yokel fingering a threepenny-bit outside the booth which harbours the mystery of the Thinking Pig. "You never know what these playwrights will

SKETCHED AT THE HAYMARKET BY NORMAN MORROW

be up to!" There was a bitterness in this remark as refreshing as the flavour of a russet apple. It made me long for his acquaintance that I might draw him upon the subject of his playgoing experiences. By whom had he been tricked? I conned mentally the list of dramatists likely to serve him this ill turn. And I am afraid to say that I settled upon Mr. G. B. Shaw as the culprit. I pictured our friend lulled into a gentle glow of sympathy by Shaw's specious moralising, into the mood when the heart goes out to the Teacher; then, hey presto! I saw him fall back from Shaw's slap, clapping his hand to his reddened, stinging cheek. Yes, I blamed Mr. Shaw, and no other contriver of unhappy, unpleasant, and unconventional endings. Then I rolled the second tit-bit of my friend's humour round my tongue. "Besides I wanted to see how the thing ended!"

Who would not have his darling play called a "thing," so that it drew this frank confession of interest? If you want to see how a thing ends, that thing has tickled your interest, a state of affairs the arousing of which represents the life work and the life's blood of the dramatist. Cut upon his tombstone, "He aroused our interest," and he need have little fear that he will return to haunt us after death.

I have not really left Susannah in the cold. The bitter-sweet reflections of this unknown critic are cryptic, but all-sufficing. E. C. S.

Miss Iris Hawkins, playing Little Red Riding Hood at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin

She made a great success in little boys' parts in *His House in Order* and *What the Butler Saw*

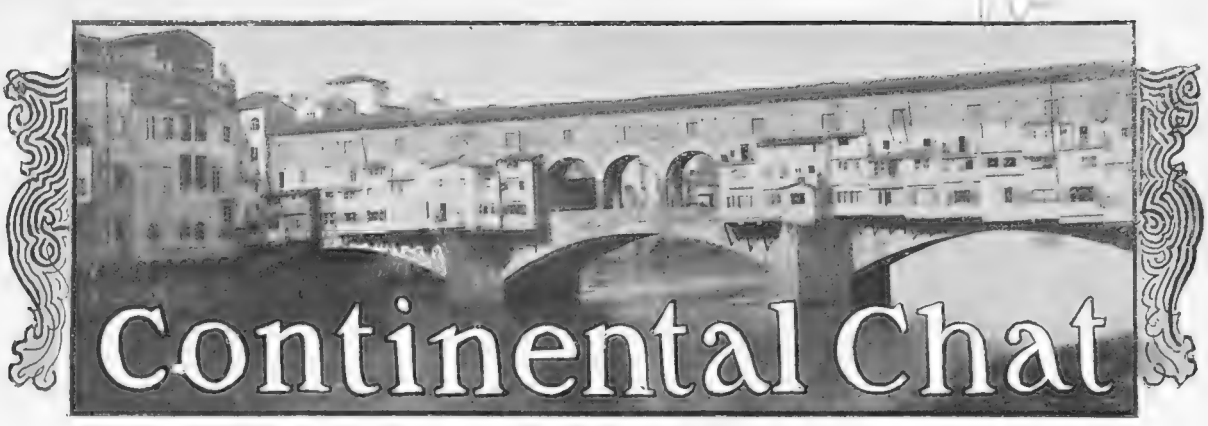
THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET

The latest addition to the Alhambra programme is a divertissement entitled *Cupid Wins*. This proves to be a very pleasing little ballet, into the second scene of which are introduced some exceedingly pretty and effective dances by the Corps de Ballet. Scene I. shows Pierrot and Pierrette enjoying their evening meal, when Columbine, a neighbour, comes in to borrow a fan which she wants to take with her to a masked ball. Pierrette leaves the room to fetch the fan, and Pierrot seizes the opportunity to make love to Columbine. Pierrette returns with the fan, and Columbine leaves. Soon Pierrette retires to bed, but Pierrot remains up, and when he thinks Pierrette asleep he creeps out of the house to join Columbine. But Pierrette's suspicions have been aroused, and she follows him. Scene II. is laid in the ball-room. Pierrette finds Columbine, and implores her not to allow Pierrot to make love to her. Columbine agrees, and they decide to change costumes. When Pierrot sees Pierrette he mistakes her for Columbine, and makes ardent love to her. Meanwhile, the real Columbine, disguised as Pierrette, enters surrounded by numerous admirers. Pierrot is seized with jealousy, and openly insults her companions. Whereupon ensues a sham duel. Then both Columbine and Pierrette unmask themselves, and Pierrot, discovering his mistake, asks Pierrette's forgiveness. She at first refuses, then relents, and the dance proceeds with renewed rejoicings. Pierrot is well enacted by Miss Julie Seale, while Signorina Morino is the dainty Pierrette. Mr. George Byng has composed the music, and Signor Alfredo Curti is the producer. R. M.

Photo *S. Elwin Neame*

Miss Daisy Williams, who is now playing Miss Barbara Deane's part in "The Gay Gordons" at the Aldwych Theatre

Miss Deane, it will be remembered, married, recently, Mr. Basil Loder, of the Coldstream Guards



Continental Chat

"That Little Man" Again!

"I am not interested in that little man."

Thus spake, once, one William, German Emperor, referring to one Delcassé, French Foreign Minister.

The remark is said to have been made at a time when the Moroccan affair was growing a little feverish, and there had been rumours that Berlin was very concerned indeed at the outcome of the policy of the "little man" in question, and would fain have him removed.

But no! The Kaiser was not interested in him. He was, as someone once said in the House of Commons, positively "bubbling over with indifference" on the subject. So deep, so enormous was his indifference, in fact, that, as we now know, he conveyed to the Italian Ambassador, for transmission to the French President, that the moment the "little man" signed a certain treaty German troops would leave Berlin for Lorraine. The report of the conversation was duly conveyed to the Rouvier Cabinet. M. Delcassé was informed that either he would resign or they would. M. Delcassé, like the gentleman he is, thought it a pity to put a lot of other gentlemen to so much trouble, so obliged.

* * *

Delcassé's Service to Peace

Some say that in doing so he saved the Peace of Europe. For, a little while after, France grew all at once conciliatory, and agreed to the Algeciras Conference. That Delcassé is a fine patriot, and a strenuous Statesman, goes without saying. Who shall forget his memorable services to the cause of Peace in connection with the Fashoda affair, as a result of which France and England began to settle their outlying Colonial differences, and the Egyptian question, and to pave the way for the *entente* of glorious existence? As the story goes, Lord Salisbury was determined to stop, once for all, the "policy of pin-pricks" which France had so long pursued against Britain, and Sir Edmund Monson, our then Ambassador, had in his breast pocket an ultimatum. On M. Delcassé appearing reluctant to agree to the evacuation of the post so brilliantly captured by Marchand, Sir Edmund's hand moved slowly to his pocket.

"Pray don't," said Delcassé, "for nobody who knows France could doubt what her answer would be!"

Photo *Nadar*

M. DELCASSÉ

His recent speech, in which he defended his policy in founding the Franco-British Alliance, has led to a somewhat strained situation between France and Germany

And, then, he conceded Britain's wishes. For a week—a month—his name was execrated by the Chauvinists. But time has set its seal on his work, and to-day he is beloved of them. It will, however, I fear, be a bad day for the Peace of Europe if ever France has another Boulanger fever, and carries Delcassé back to office. Whoever becomes Minister of War in his Cabinet had better look very carefully to the gaiter-buttons and other equipments of that most business-like of little mortals, the French private.

* * *

The Great Diamond Mystery

Next to the Delcassé sensation, *L'Affaire des Diamants* is, contrary to what was at first expected, the subject which is absorbing all interest in France. There is something extremely fascinating in the idea of artificially creating the most precious of precious stones, not as a mere makeshift, like different essays which have already been made, but as substitutes good enough to take in a diamond king like Julius Wernher. Imagine the delight of those who have no diamonds to learn that those who have, and have paid fortunes to gain them, should be the possessors, after all, of a mere "imitation." How interesting it is, too, that a South African magnate should have been so alarmed that he spent thousands of pounds in sifting the matter. Was he going to buy up the invention and the inventor, and hush it up? Or was he going to make further millions out of his artificial "mine"?

Paris is highly amused at the millionaire, so blindly keen that he rushed in where lesser men would have feared to tread. All kinds of jokes are current. Sir Julius is nicknamed "*le Roi de l'imitation*," and philosophers are busy discussing the psychology of dupes. Probably this is the most violent confidence trick yet played on a Colonial, for, of course, Sir Julius is a Colonial, though by birth a German from the land of chemistry and chemicals. The newspapers do not inform us whether Sir Julius Wernher knew of the late M. Henri Moissan's successful experiments in manufacturing diamonds. Possibly because M. Moissan was the most modest and retiring of men. He gave his life for the cause of science,

and he died at a moment when he could least be spared. His discovery was no secret, however, and those who are interested in science have read that he was successful in producing diamond dust. He was kind enough to allow me to photograph his apparatus, which has been reproduced in this paper. Is M. Moissan's discovery the one M. Lemoine claims to be his? M. Moissan declared that carbon heated to the same temperature as that of the interior of the earth, and then suddenly cooled, must produce diamonds. But the great question was how to produce that great heat. M. Moissan took a lifetime to obtain 3,000 degrees centigrade of heat, but that was quite ten times too small, and the expense of the electricity too great for the manufacture of diamonds to be of any other than scientific value.

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A Memory of "Ouida"

The death of "Ouida" calls to mind the photograph which was published of her in a well-known illustrated daily, and which hurt her so much. How indignant she was about it, and how horrified the daily paper was to find that the photograph was a sham, and not a portrait of "Ouida" at all! When I last saw her two years ago she was extremely thin, her arms looking like tennis rackets. But her mind was as alert, and her tongue, alas! as biting, as ever. She was still writing, and had a book in preparation, of which, however, she had written a very small part. Since then her health became worse and worse, and I suppose she added little to what she had then written. Her Civil List Pension of £150 a year helped to keep the wolf from the door, but "Ouida" never knew how to husband her money, and the instalments were exhausted almost as soon as they arrived. Her affections were bestowed chiefly on her dogs, but she corresponded with a few friends, chiefly with two well-known Englishmen, to whom she would write acrimoniously if they flagged in their correspondence. Alas! her old age was a constant struggle with want, made doubly hard by her indomitable pride. An incident in which she suffered almost beyond endurance was inflicted on her by sons of her late landlord at Lucca. They expelled her from her house by force, throwing all her belongings out of the windows after her. The perpetrators of the outrage were condemned to imprisonment, but being the sons of the Consul of a foreign country, the King exercised his right of pardon, and their imprisonment was commuted into a fine. This turned poor "Ouida's" life-long love of Italy into a hatred of the land in which she had to pass the rest of her days. I believe the Italian Government made an attempt to attenuate her grievance by helping her to meet her debts, but she was not the woman to be put off where she had a grievance.

Photos

Prince Albert of Belgium

Nephew and heir-presumptive of the King of the Belgians. King Leopold has recently been engaged in heated disputes with members of his family in connection with the inheritance of his wealth

* * *

The Jewels of the Late Queen of the Belgians

The jewels of the late Queen of the Belgians have not been purchased by Prince Philip of Coburg, as the papers have announced. They are still in Brussels, and in the hands of Princess Louise's creditors, who are hoping against hope that they and King Leopold may yet come to terms, and that the jewels may for a while return to the Crown. The sale of the Belgian jewels has caused a great deal of indignation in England and elsewhere, chiefly because few have taken the trouble to find out the truth, and the King himself has not considered it worth his while to have adverse criticisms contradicted. For his daughter Louise, he has done all that it is possible for a father to do, and the Belgian people are the first to recognise this. The Princess, although of sound mind, is quite an irresponsible person. She is, unfortunately, in the hands of her Hungarian lover and a band of worthless people who never lose an opportunity of getting her more and more heavily involved. Then she has extraordinary habits of extravagance, which, even for a Princess, are incomprehensible. No one is surprised to see her return from a shopping expedition with twenty new hats, which are sold or given away the day after. A hundred other actions go to prove that it was not so great a crime to have allowed her to be put away for a short time. Philip of Coburg, the Princess's ex-husband, declares he has twice paid the debts for which the Princess's jewels have been given in exchange. The King has over and over again come to her assistance, and now, at length, weary of this useless charity, he has declared his intention of giving her her annual allowance and no more. I am convinced, however, when the moment comes, if ever, for the jewels to be sold, the King will buy them all. That Leopold II. is indifferent to the Princess Louise's welfare is, as I said before, improbable. When the late Queen was living, it was to their father and not their mother that the Princesses brought all their woes. It was not possible, however, for him to take, as both daughters expected, a wife's part against a husband. Quite recently, and for the third time, Senator Wiener, the King's Belgian lawyer, has been, at his Sovereign's request, to see Princess Louise in Paris, where she is living at the Westminster Hotel with an *entourage* quite unworthy of her high position.

Günther

Princess Albert of Belgium

The wife of the Belgian heir-presumptive, whom she married in 1900. Before her marriage she was Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria

M. Wiener, in the name of his Royal client, has offered the Princess a castle of her own, wherever she likes to choose one, a retired General as aide-de-camp, ladies-in-waiting, and, in fact, her own little Court. Besides this, all her debts are to be paid, her jewels and other treasures to be redeemed, but on one condition, however: that she leaves her plebeian *entourage*. This she refuses to do, feeling convinced this band of parasites are really her friends, and have her interests at heart. The Princess's creditors, when they first came to Brussels to sell the jewels, were unaware of the great intelligence and business capacity of the Belgian King, whom they determined to charge heavily for his daughter's follies. Prices far beyond the value of the jewels were asked, with the result that the creditors, whose sole idea in coming to Brussels was to create as much scandal as possible and get huge sums as "hush money" from the King, have found themselves hopelessly defeated. If King Leopold now purchased the jewels, as Prince Philip of Coburg purchased the Court dresses, some other of the Princess's treasures would soon take their place. Were he to buy the jewels now, on his death they would again go to his daughter, the Princess, and the whole story of the Belgian jewels would begin over again.

Portugal's Royal Visitor

The Duke of the Abruzzi, with Queen Amelia, at Nicosa. The Duke is a noted traveller and mountaineer, and is a first cousin of the King of Italy

* * *

A Portuguese Royal House-Party

Some photographs published on this page suggest that the King of Portugal takes the present "crisis" in his country very much less seriously than the newspapers. Nothing could be more expressive of bland *insouciance* than the picture of his Majesty, clad in holiday attire, puffing a cheroot, while, in the photograph at the foot, the party on the char-à-banc are evidently enjoying themselves hugely. The photographs were taken at the Château Villa Nicosa, where the King and Queen have been entertaining the Duke of the Abruzzi, that most intrepid and adventurous of Italian Royalties. King Carlos's policy being, for the nonce, in the masterly hands of Senhor Franco, who seems to be restoring peace and quiet, he is, doubtless, occupying his mind largely with the forthcoming visit to Brazil—that Portugal beyond the seas—where a truly Royal reception is preparing for him. Who knows but that the enthusiastic Brazilians may not take it into their heads to revert to monarchy themselves, and provide Dom Carlos with a larger and, at the same time, more comfortable domain than his own?

"En Vacance"

King Carlos of Portugal, in an *insouciant* holiday attitude, at the Château Villa Nicosa, where he has been entertaining the Duke of the Abruzzi

King Carlos Coaching: A Royal picnic-party starting from the Château Villa Nicosa

On the box seat with the King is his second son, the Duc de Beja; behind them, the Queen and the Duke of the Abruzzi, the Marquis de Soveral (leaning forward, relating an amusing story), the Prince Royal, and two aides-de-camp, are the other members of what seems to be an exceedingly jovial party

A French Favourite

Photo *Reutlinger*

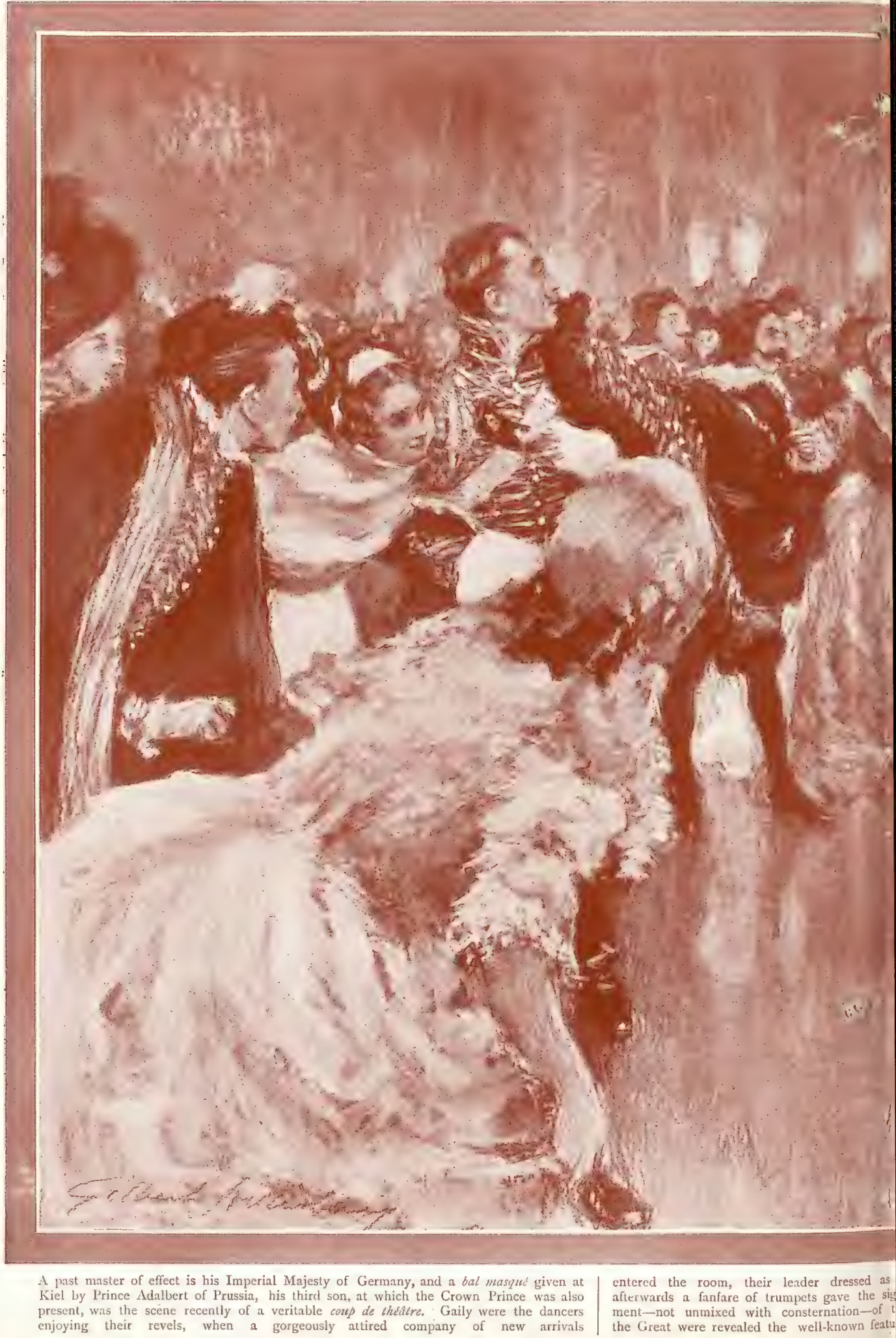
Mlle. Carlier, who has recently been appearing at the Théâtre des Capucines, Paris

Une Jolie Danseuse

Photo *Rew Langer*

Mlle. Ricotti, a charming dancer at the Opera, Paris

"C'est l'Empereur!": The Kaiser's Dram



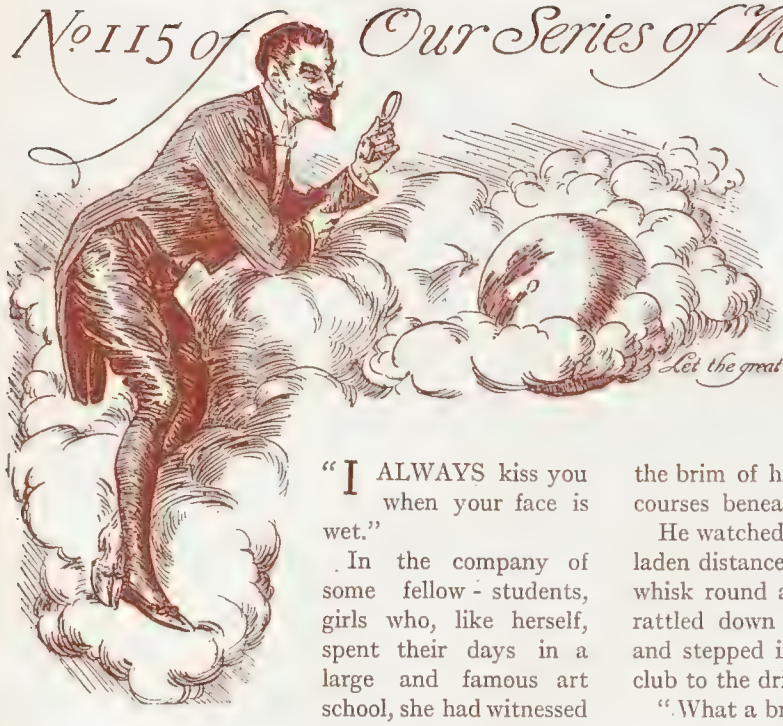
A past master of effect is his Imperial Majesty of Germany, and a *bal masqué* given at Kiel by Prince Adalbert of Prussia, his third son, at which the Crown Prince was also present, was the scène recently of a veritable *coup de théâtre.* Gaily were the dancers enjoying their revels, when a gorgeously attired company of new arrivals entered the room, their leader dressed as afterwards a fanfare of trumpets gave the sig ment—not unmixed with consternation—of t the Great were revealed the well-known featu

matic Appearance at His Son's Bal Masqué

as the Great Elector. A moment or so signal for unmasking, and, to the astonish- of the guests, under the mask of Frederick eatures of the reigning Sovereign! To effect this dramatic entry the Kaiser had travelled by special train and motor-car from Berlin to Kiel, for no one, and least of all the giver of the ball, had any idea that he was not in the capital, many hundreds of miles distant.

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

No. 115 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



"When Your Face is Wet"

By M. J. MARSHALL

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"I ALWAYS kiss you when your face is wet."

In the company of some fellow-students, girls who, like herself, spent their days in a large and famous art school, she had witnessed Mr. Barrie's *Quality Street* on the previous evening. The quaint, old-world flavour of the play still lingered in her blood; the rain was glistening upon her cheeks, and, all unconsciously, she had repeated the above line aloud. Then something terrible happened. A pair of lips skimmed her glowing face, two dark eyes—wonderful eyes, laughing, suppliant, apologetic—looked for a moment into hers, and then, with the sweep of a soft felt hat, their owner vanished.

Madge Rankin shook herself. Was she dreaming? Here was the dirty London by-street; here was the rain, pouring in torrents and beating under the low archway where she had found a temporary refuge; and here was her own small self, kissed by a man for the first time in her life, and that man a complete stranger.

Surprise yielded to indignation, burning, devouring indignation. How dared he! Oh, how dared he! And then indignation faltered. Madge was overwhelmed with shame.

He must, unnoticed, have been standing behind her for several minutes, must have seen her shake out her soaked skirts, seen her adjust some errant pins in her auburn hair, seen, O shades of outraged prudery! the furtive tug she had bestowed upon a recalcitrant stocking.

How dared he! Oh, how dared he! And her large, innocent grey eyes were suffused with smarting tears.

Gathering her wet shirts together, and regardless now of the increasing downpour and of her own unprotected condition, she quitted the archway and fled up the deserted street. She did not note the same stranger, who had slipped into a doorway further on. He stepped forward as if to intercept her as she passed, then, observing her bowed head and shamed face, bit his lip and reluctantly retreated.

When she was gone, he again emerged, and stood looking wistfully after her, apparently unconscious of the acute angle at which he was holding his umbrella, and of the great drops of rain that were trickling from the brim of his hat and finding their ways by diverse courses beneath his previously immaculate collar.

He watched her slight, girlish form fading in the fog-laden distance, watched it stop, as if for breath, then whisk round a corner and disappear. An empty cab rattled down the street. He hailed it mechanically and stepped in, muttering the name of a well-known club to the dripping, oil-skinned driver.

"What a brute I was!" he ejaculated, sinking back against the cushioned seat, and the gay, handsome face was clouded, and the mouth, almost femininely sweet, quivered involuntarily.

"*De l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*" That had been the unspoken motto of his life. It had brought him many friends and some enemies; incidentally, it had brought him fame.

When, a few minutes later, he mounted the broad staircase of his club the servants respectfully made way for him, and descending members nudged each other and whispered, "Did you see him? That was——" The rest was lost in an inaudible murmur, but had, manifestly, the desired effect, for the auditors turned their heads and stared after the ascending form.

. . . . . .

It was exhibition day at the art school, and a great artist had been invited to inspect and to pronounce judgment on the students' work. Groups of men and girl students, accompanied by their respective relatives and friends, were scattered about the large hall. In the centre, surrounded by a cluster of anxious, deferential masters, stood the judge. He was speaking.

"Always the same dull, laboured mediocrity—no originality—no feeling—not an ounce to choose between them!"

A wave of agitation convulsed the audience at his contemptuous words. It was as if each man in it had received an unexpected smack in the face.

"Look at that now!" He waved his hand towards one of the largest and most elaborately framed exhibits. "A head? Yes—but what a head! The muscles are correct, of course. Oh, I don't complain of the technique!" A sigh of relief escaped a small, wizened man on the left. "One could even imagine that head might turn without temporary dislocation, but, once again, what a head! That hair might have belonged to a B.C. woman, and even then would arouse suspicions. The cheeks? Why, they couldn't blush if they tried, for there's not a drop of blood beneath them. Eyes? Gracious heavens, what eyes! I swear any respectable woman would be ashamed to acknowledge them."

(*Continued on page 291*)

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Australia's Loss, Our Gain

Photo] **MISS ALICE CRAWFORD** *[Dover Street Studios*

The young actress who came to us from Australia and immediately scored a great success in *The Privy Council* at the Haymarket in 1905, and appeared in this play before the King and Queen at Sandringham. She was leading lady in *Toddles*, which she gave up to play Charmian in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Miss Crawford's last rôle was that of Glory in the revival of *The Christian*. She is to be Mr. Edward Terry's leading lady in his new play, *Matt of Merrymount*, at the New Theatre

The Passing of "Peter Pan"

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Pauline Chase as Peter Pan, the fourth revival of which play is drawing to a close

The fourth revival of *Peter Pan* at the Duke of York's has been yet another triumph for his impersonator, Miss Pauline Chase, but there nevertheless seem to be some signs that the public as a whole are not so much in love with many of Mr. Barrie's sentimentalities as they were

(*Continued from page 288*)

Timid protests rose hastily to his listeners' lips, but died ere they had been given birth. Secretly, several of the masters were wishing that their choice had fallen on a less arbitrary, albeit a less famous judge. The great artist was notorious for his "moods," and this, evidently, was a bad day. Straight and tall, like a young Apollo, he stood in their midst, wearing a long Inverness cape and carrying his soft felt hat in his hand. Younger by a decade than the men around him, he dominated them all, flashing dark, scornful glances from one painted exhibit to another. Even his phraseology disturbed them, for he spoke not in the language of the schools. Curtly, in blunt, terse English, he tore their pet theories to pieces, taking —at least, so it had seemed to them—an evil delight in their discomfiture.

"Yes—*possibly* it stood like that."

He was examining the study of a donkey, the model for which had with difficulty been procured, and with still greater difficulty induced to pose.

"But where's the brute patience in the eyes, the dejection of the tail and head? Oh, I know"—he shook his shoulders impatiently, though no one had ventured to contradict him—"I know this is the work of students, and that one must not look for finished compositions. I'm not looking for finish." He glared at them. "I'm looking for ideas! That donkey, for example. Bah! It is only fit to be glued to a stand and dragged about the floor by a child."

Then, suddenly, his mobile face changed.

"Ah! What's this?" and Madge Rankin, lingering on the fringe of the group, trembled.

His glancing eyes had caught sight of a small, roughly executed sketch, tucked away in a dark corner, as if ashamed even of its presence among its larger and more imposing companions. It represented a small boy standing outside a cottage door and leaning disconsolately against a painted water-butt. The boy's face was partially concealed beneath his frayed, uplifted sleeve; his shoulders were raised; his ragged figure half-averted; despair, childish, whole-hearted despair, was suggested in every line. On the ground beside him lay an empty basket, splashed with yellow, and near it there were some broken eggs.

"Commonplace enough as to subject, but this," the artist jerked his thumb towards the sketch, "this has points."

"The work of a lady student, sir," one of the masters hastily interposed; "a mere beginner."

"Beginner? H'm!" and the judge rounded upon the speaker. "Then you haven't had time, sir, to spoil her yet."

As he spoke, his eyes met Madge Rankin's, raised to his in timid gratitude. She started. An ejaculation escaped her. He, this great artist, whom she, Madge, together with every other man and woman in that hall, held in such profound veneration, was the man who had dared—yes, dared—and only yesterday afternoon! She had not recognised him at first, but she knew him now. He was looking at her once again, and his expression had abruptly softened to that of a guilty but penitent child.

A moment later he had turned away, but the masters no longer trembled at his criticisms, nor at his more ominous silences. He beamed, positively beamed, upon them all, praised work they had anticipated he would condemn, discovered unsuspected promise, prophesied brilliant futures for several of their most cherished pupils, but when, some moments later, with a quick jerk of his head, he looked round, Madge Rankin had disappeared.

. . . .

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

She had just returned to her miniature lodgings, after a wild half-hour's scamper through the park. She had flung her hat and coat on a chair and was standing by the table in her small sitting-room, pressing her soft, cool hands against her burning cheeks. He had kissed her! He had praised her work! Now, probably, he was distributing medals to the more fortunate students; but though dying, as she would have expressed it, to witness this all-important ceremony, shame, terror, and a secret unacknowledged longing to remain near the man who had insulted her had impelled her to a second flight.

Persistently, since the previous afternoon, the gay, suppliant eyes had haunted her. She had seen them laughing out of the darkness, ere she had closed her own; they had greeted her when she awoke; they had preceded her all the way to the school. Now she was cognisant of their owner, a man whose daring originality had already breathlessly appealed to her through the medium of his art. Others had criticised, as students all the world over will, but she—she had stood wonderingly silent, conscious of the presence of a master-mind and dumbly deploring her own deficiencies.

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

The repetition was impatient, the slatternly servant evidently annoyed at the lodger's preoccupation.

Slowly Madge turned her head.

"Tell him to come up, then," she absently enjoined.

Doubtless some student from the school, who, in passing, had called to relate the results of the exhibition. Men visitors with her were rare, for a certain proud aloofness in the girl had hitherto kept her male admirers among the students at a discreet distance. To-day, however, she was indifferent. What did that, what did anything, matter?

"May I?"

She started at the voice. She was face to face with the man who obsessed her. He turned, shot one glance at the maid, which sent that damsel flying downstairs, then he carefully closed the door.

There was silence. Madge moved towards the window, and, for the first remembered time in his life, her visitor was at a loss for words.

"Look here, Miss Rankin," he broke out at last. He had obtained her name and address at the art school. "I have behaved like a contemptible cad. I've come to apologise."

Madge was mute.

"I'm not by nature a bounder, you know. I acted on the impulse of the moment. I had been watching you"—the girl shivered—"and you looked—it doesn't matter how you looked!—then I overheard those words, and I couldn't, upon my soul, I couldn't help it!"

"Was it necessary to tell me this?"

There was a touch of dignity in the girlish voice. She was holding herself stiffly erect, inwardly summoning all her powers to repel the audacious intruder.

"Necessary? No. Desirable? Yes. I've been in a devil of a temper all day. The cause? Yesterday I lost sight of you, and I thought we should never meet again."

"Your behaviour at the school *was*—odd. Some people might have called you a bear"; and all her resentment could not quell a twinkle beneath the fringed lashes.

"Might they?" He chuckled reminiscently. "But it wasn't altogether my fault," he added, pleadingly. "I fixed up their stupid medals this morning, and then, after lunch, the fellows insisted on my taking a last look round. I was sick of the whole business by then, and—and I let 'em have it!"

Penitence for the moment was gone. His eyes now were alluringly whimsical, and Madge—poor innocent Madge!—felt that her defences were tottering. She rallied herself for a last effort.

"Having said you're sorry, hadn't you better go?"

Her pouting lips were resolutely compressed, her attitude shyly defiant.

"No!" Again the abrupt change. "I've not yet finished. You heard what I said about your sketch? And—yes—by Jove, I meant it! I couldn't award you a medal, of course—the thing was too crude—besides—well, I may as well confess—it escaped my notice this morning, but I'm not here only to apologise, Miss Rankin, I've come with a proposition."

Madge's rebel heart fluttered. Involuntarily her muscles relaxed.

"You're promising—you may go far, but you need help, different help, I mean, from any you'll get from those old mummies at the school. I don't go in for pupils—haven't time"—his rapid glance had already taken in the shabby appointments of her little room—"but I'm willing to give you an hour a day, if you care to accept and will come to my studio. You can make rough studies from my own models, and, if we fix it from four to five, it needn't clash with your other work. Now, what have you to say?"

"I—I really don't know," faltered Madge.

Here was a brilliant offer indeed, one at which, as she was well aware, any other student in England would have jumped.

"You're young—conventional, perhaps," he scowled; "but—yes," with a decisive nod, "we can arrange all that. The model, of course, will be always there, and my old housekeeper also, if you like, to play propriety."

She was turning and re-turning his offer in her mind. Oh, if only he had not kissed her! What would the widowed mother advise, the mother who, in her country home, was practising so many small economies that Madge, her dreamy, unpractical Madge, might have her chance? Surely, surely, she had no right to throw such an opportunity away?

"Well?" His voice was very gentle. He had been watching her prettily troubled face. "Believe me, do believe me, Miss Rankin, you will not regret it if you come."

"I should like—if I may—to think it over," she stammered, raising her grey eyes to his, and the wistful innocence of their appeal brought a sudden flush to his cheek.

He bowed gravely, and with the stately deference of a bygone school; then once again came the flashing smile.

"I shall expect you to-morrow at four o'clock"; and with that parting shot he was gone.

. . . . . .

"Is it any good? Are you pleased with me?"

The girl's voice was full of anxiety. On the verdict she awaited depended the efficacy of ten months' work.

She had come to his studio, as he had known she would, on the afternoon succeeding his visit, and daily since during those past ten months, with the exception of the brief Christmas vacation.

He knew all about her now—the home, the small brother and sister, the tender, self-effacing mother, the father, an over-worked doctor, prematurely dead. She had prattled naïvely of her classes at the school, of the men students whom she avoided, of the girls who were becoming her friends. Half child, yet wholly woman, her presence had pervaded his studio, even during the long hours when he had been condemned to work alone. He had listened for her footstep outside, and, as her trust in him increased, had been teased and coaxed and comforted in turn, this last in a motherly, protecting little fashion, not without its quaint charm. She had captivated his old housekeeper's heart, and more and more securely she had curled herself within his own, stretching forth tiny, yet clinging tendrils—tendrils which could never now be uprooted without an abiding pain.

Once, after one of his fierce outbursts against ignorant critics and a callous public, she had lain her hand consolingly on his arm, and it had needed all his strength of will, strength to which, when he chose to exert it, his work had testified, not to crush the straying fingers to his breast; and yet, in spite of many temptations, so far he had remained faithful to their unspoken compact never by word or deed to cause her to regret her decision.

Week by week she had watched his work growing beneath his subtle fingers, seen the tears of rage in his eyes when some special effect had baulked him, heard him declaim against the fine ladies who stole his time, and with golden bribes sought, but fruitlessly, to induce him to paint their portraits. Gentle, patient, considerate throughout he had proved to her, and now he was standing before her easel, and she had charged him to tell her the truth.

"Is it any good?"

He hesitated, for a fight was going on within him, then one fierce, Homeric monosyllable, "No!"

She flinched, and her face grew white.

"You said I was promising," she said, reproachfully, with difficulty restraining her tears.

"I thought you were."

"Now you see that I am no good?"

"Yes"—the words seemed dragged out of him—"no—good!"

"No good at all?" she pleaded, with pitiful eyes, seeking some mitigation of her sentence.

"Oh!" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "You'll paint pretty little pictures, no doubt—sell them, perhaps, at a fair price; but your work—I can deceive you no longer"—and there was a queer break in his deep voice—"it will never, *never*, in my opinion, be anything more than fifth-rate."

"Fifth-rate!" Her eyes dilated indignantly. "Then why did you persuade me to come here?"

He hung his head like an abashed schoolboy.

(*Continued on page 294*)

In Tropic Zones

Awaiting the Train at Victor a Falls

Evidently one of the most out of the way railway bookstalls, that at the Victoria Fal's, on the Cape to Cairo Railway, is not behind the familiar Smith and Wyman stalls in this country, for it will be noticed that the native Rhodesian policeman is sampling *The Bystander*, on sale there, while waiting for his train. Sent by Mrs. E. H. Bedford Pim, Gun Hill House, Tempe, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.

"Taffy was a Snake Catcher"

The sender, Mr. Arthur E. Northey, Fevas Silver Mines, Honda, Colombia, South America, writes: "The reader depicted is a young Welshman who has only recently come out' from the old country, but since his arrival he has killed many snakes, the one seen round his neck being the largest, as it is over 8ft. in length. This photograph was taken in the Andes, 4,oooft. above sea leve', where there is a little English mining colony, among whom *The Bystander* is deservedly popular"

On a Gold Coast Rubber Estate

An interesting photograph of a rubber plantation among the virgin forest and bush of West Africa, on the banks of the River Bon Winin. The horse the Englishman is riding created much excitement and not a little alarm on its first appearance, for it is the first which had ever been seen in the district. Despite its remoteness, however, it will be noticed it is not too out of the way a district to have a *Bystander* reader—who is to be seen sitting on a stump in the foreground. Sent by Mr. R. W. Mackenzie, Axim, Go'd Coast

(*Continued from page 292*)

"I thought—I hoped——"

"Was that the reason?" Her suspicions were aroused.

Once again the Homeric "No!"

They were alone. The model had just gone. The housekeeper had been called away.

"Bah! The time for subterfuges is past; but, believe me, I would have spared you if I could."

"Yes, yes!" with an impatient nod. "Go on!"

"That sketch I saw at the school *was* promising. I was struck, momentarily struck, by its feeling in the midst of a lot of inferior stuff, hence the remark you overheard, but—oh! do you suppose for one moment," and he flung the words at her with savage irony, "that among all the work I am invited to inspect there is never anything promising too?"

"Then it wasn't"—faintly—"it wasn't the work?"

"It was because"—huskily—"I loved you, Madge—loved you even before that kiss. I had been watching your sweet, radiant face, the gladness in your childlike eyes, the lights in your auburn hair, tucked away, but escaping persistently from beneath the brown woollen cap. I was mad to paint you as I saw you then, standing beneath that old archway—the mystery in the grey shadows—the rain-washed walls, the squalid street. I should have called it, 'Belated Spring,'" and his voice grew dreamy. "I tried to do it a score of times, and then I cut the canvases to pieces. Later, I had to give it up—you had grown too dear. Listen!" and all his suppressed passion broke forth in a torrent of words. "I loved you as I saw you then, but I love you a thousand times more now. You are everything—everything in the world to me—my hope, my inspiration, my refuge. I see you throughout the daylight hours, and you spur me on to fresh efforts. I hold you—forgive me!—in my arms at night. I clasp you even in my dreams. What does the stupid work matter? I have strength—strength enough for us both. All my laurels, they shall be yours. You shall crush them beneath your feet if you choose. I can't—I can't go on working without you, and God knows how hard I have tried. Darling, come to me, remain my inspiration, be—my wife!"

The colour, while he had been speaking, had faded wholly from her cheeks, and through the gathering darkness, her face pearly grey, she looked at him with the eyes of a reproachful ghost. When he had ceased she bowed her head, then slowly, silently, turned away, glided to the door, opened it, hesitated a moment, and was gone.

With a sob, he flung himself into a chair, gripping his hot face in his hands. She cared only for her work. Ah! had he but been able, how willingly he would have made her great, even at the cost of his own hardly earned fame. Now he had broken their compact, and she had left him, never to return.

Hush! The door was softly opened. Someone stole across the room. He held his breath. Surely, surely, no other presence could thrill him like this? Timidly his hands were pulled aside, but he dared not open his closed eyes. Vision might dispel the presence leaning above him. Lips, soft and fresh as a rosebud, were pressed to his fevered cheek. She spoke. Athwart his dazed senses her words stole lingeringly sweet.

"And I too, I kiss you, my darling, when your face is wet."

M. J. MARSHALL.

Photo *Mrs. Dunn*

Should Ladies Ride Astride? A graceful exponent of a growing habit

Marjorie, the grand-daughter of the late Sir Augustus Helder, M.P. for Whitehaven

Babel in Modern Life

A CHAOTIC PERSIAN RELIGIOUS RITE

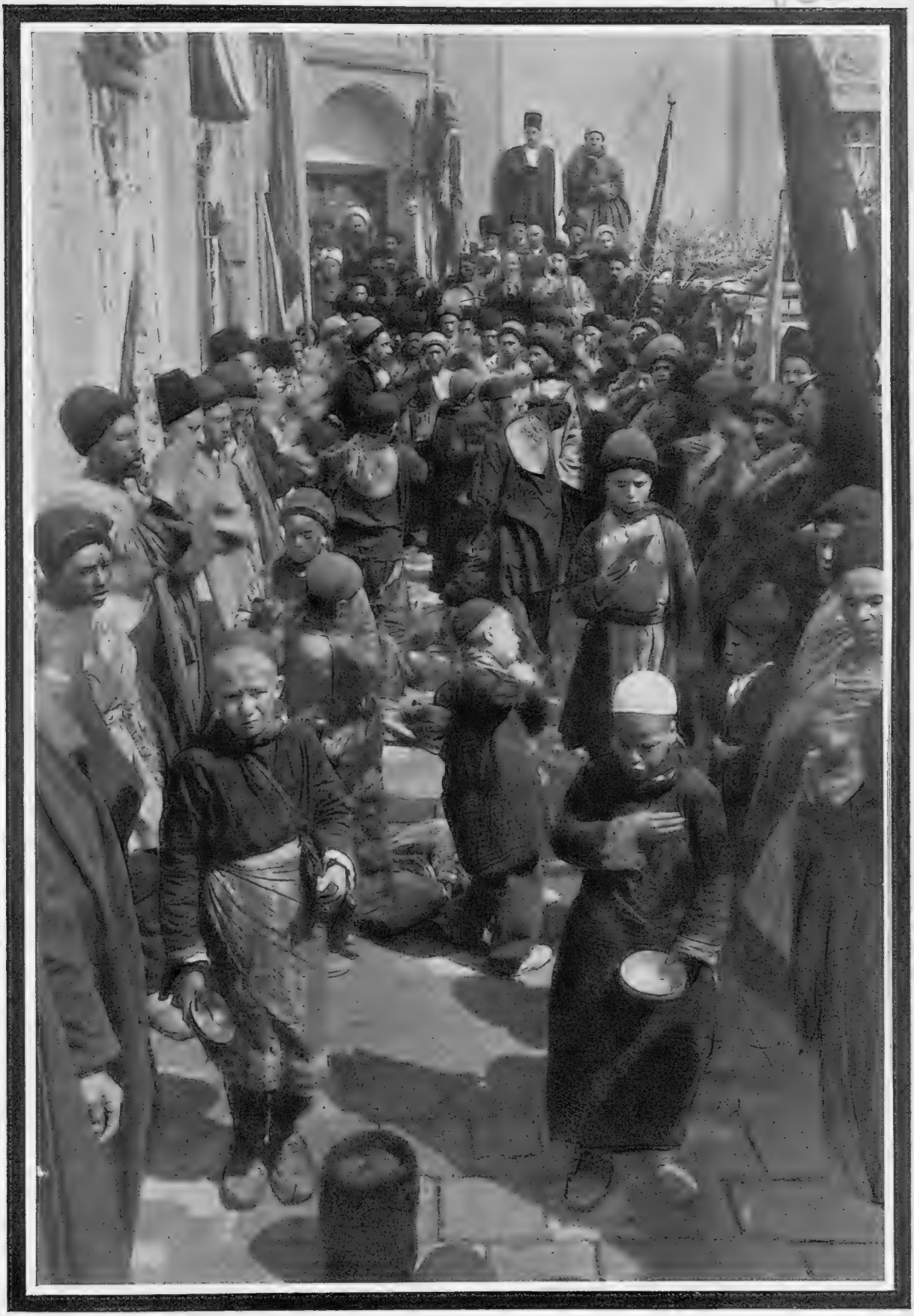


Photo *Topical Agency*

AT THE FEAST OF MAHARLAM

For this feast the people congregate in large numbers, and to the din of "all kinds of musick" add their wailings and groans, at the same time beating their breasts. In fact, to the foreigner, to whom the religious side of the ceremony is nothing, the scene resembles the discomfiture of the builders of the Tower of Babel

Photos] [*McFall*

Mr. Dermot McCalmont
Miss G. Power
Miss Pat Stopford

Mrs. Langrishe
Captain H. Langrishe (The Master)
Lady Constance Butler

The Hon. Lady McCalmont
Major Connellan
Mrs. Crawford McFall

A POPULAR IRISH PACK: THE KILKENNY HOUNDS AND SOME PROMINENT FOLLOWERS

The Kilkenny Hounds hunt over a country which has always been celebrated as a scent-holding district, and it seldom fails to afford good sport. Mr. H. R. Langrishe, of Knocktopher Abbey, is retiring, and will be succeeded at the end of the season by Mr. Isaac Bell, the well-known M.F.H. and polo player, who at present has command of the Galway Blazers

BY FIELD STREAM AND COVERT

Hounds Arriving at the Meet of the Duhallow Hunt at Mallow

Hunting in Ireland

Owing to the long string of retiring Masters, and the alarming reports which have come across the St. George's Channel from time to time about the obstruction on the part of red-hot Land Leaguers, it might be imagined that hunting in Ireland was in rather a parlous state at the present time. Nothing of the sort. I was speaking the other day to a man who, hunting from "dear dirty Dublin," manages to get out four and five days a week in the best Irish countries, that is to say, in Kildare and Meath, and he assured me that hunting was just as successful and enjoyable in the "distressful country" as ever it was. "If you want to get away from the overcrowding that you suffer in the Midlands," he said, "you should come over here for a month or so. I warrant that you will thoroughly enjoy yourself. We don't get bothered here with such a network of railways as you have in most parts of England. Shooting syndicates, which are so bitterly complained of in many English countries, are practically unknown in Ireland, and if there were any such syndicates about, I vouch for it that they would be usually composed of good sportsmen, who would do all they could to help the hunting people."

Not Much to Worry About

My Irish friend proceeded in his pleasantly bright statement of affairs. "What is more," he said, "there is a happy scarcity of wire fencing. It is beginning to creep in here and there, but, the Saints be praised! there is nothing very serious to grumble about yet." I agreed with much of what he said, but I pointed out to him that the enforced abandonment of the Ormond Hunt, owing to the shindy raised by the local branch of the United Irish League, was a very bad advertisement for the country from a hunting standpoint, and I also called his attention to the unpleasant fact that an ugly ultimatum had been sent to the Master of the East Galway Hounds, which, to the mere Englishman, seemed to indicate that trouble after the Ormond stamp was likely to break out in that district. However, he declared that the Ormond misfortune was quite an isolated affair, while with regard to the East Galway, he said that the farmers in that particular country were exceedingly loyal to the Hunt. Only the other day the secretary of the East Galways wrote to say that he would be a plucky Leaguer who would endeavour to stir up strife and upset the present good feeling that exists in that country. To get such comforting assurances about the present condition of hunting in Ireland was very satisfactory. True, the number of packs which find it necessary to seek new Masters is larger than Irish people would like it to be, but I do not think that this has any real significance, because the list of changes all round in hunting countries is extraordinarily heavy this year. In England, as well as Ireland, half the countries seem to be advertising for new Masters.

Photo] **Drowned While Hunting** [*Dixon*

P. Tierney, first Whipper-in and Kennel Huntsman of the Tipperary Hounds, who was drowned while following the pack across the River Suir at Cluen, despite a gallant attempt made to rescue him. He left a widow and seven children, for whose benefit a fund has been started

Irish Masterships

I do not know, at the moment of writing, whether the vacancy in the Duhallow country has been definitely filled, but it is stated, presumably on good authority, that the Mastership will be taken by the Earl of Kenmare. His hunting-box is in the centre of the country, and he is a man who is well liked by all connected with the Hunt, so that, if he really has accepted the leadership we may be sure that the appointment will be generally popular. In the Westmeath country, which Mr. Harry Whitworth is giving up in order to take the Holderness Hounds in his native Yorkshire, they are hopeful of inducing the Hon. E. M. Pakenham to take the Mastership. At any rate, the position has been offered to him, and he has been given a month in which to consider the matter. I hear that Miss Edith Somerville is retiring from the command of the West Carbery Hounds. This will be a real loss to that Hunt, for, as I mentioned in these pages a few weeks ago, Miss Somerville is eminently practical in her management of the pack, and it will be difficult to find a better Master, or even one as good as she is.

Youthful Enthusiasts

Photo *Lafayette*

The Earl of Kenmare

A fine rider, well known in the Irish hunting field. His name has been mentioned in connection with the vacant Mastership of the Duhallow

Second Horsemen

During the recent spell of frost, the wicked ways of second horsemen again received attention, and people have talked of the difficulty of restraining their ardour sufficiently to keep them in the narrow ways and out of the broad pastures that lead to destruction of fences and crops. These gentry do often play an undesirably prominent part. One recalls the gentleman, a gallant soldier with a new stud, who was enjoying the delights of Leicestershire after some years of absence in his country's service. His hunters were untried, so great was his joy when the first "cracker" of the season demonstrated the capabilities of his mount in no unsatisfying fashion. Whilst hounds bayed around an open drain, at the conclusion of a brilliant forty minutes, he jumped off, patted his steaming horse, looked round for No. 2. There he was, just at the right moment, and in the first flush of enthusiasm. As he changed, he exclaimed to his man, "Well, I don't know what this one's made of, but the chestnut's a clinker—never turned his head!" But no less excited with the consciousness of achievement was the servant. "So's this one, sir," he replied eagerly, "a real good 'un, never lost sight of you, sir!" A. W. C.

Two Keen Lady Followers of the Blankshire Hounds!

The Cottesmore Hunt Ball

The Cottesmore Hunt Ball took place in the Victoria Hall, Oakham, on Wednesday, the 22nd ult., and large parties from the neighbouring hunts as well as members of the Cottesmore put in an appearance. The room was most artistically decorated in a design of pale green and white, with green lattice here and there on white ground. Among those present were the Countess of Lonsdale and party, the Duchess of Hamilton and Marchioness of Graham, the latter in pale pink and wearing her wonderful pearls, the Duchess of Newcastle in white, Countess of Gainsborough, Ladies Agnes and Nora Noel, the Countess of Yarborough and party, Lady Castlereagh in ruby velvet with rich fur trimmings, Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson in silver tinsel. Mrs. Whitburn wore a charming grey frock; also present were Mrs. Selby-Bigge in black and silver, Mrs. Henry Noel in a very smart gold tinsel costume, Lady Augusta Fane, Miss Bertha Chaplin in black and ruby velvet, Mrs. Charles Fitzwilliam and party, Lady Angela Forbes, Hon. Mrs. Willie Lawson in pink, the Misses Barclay in pink and pale green, Miss Helen Newton in pretty white gown, Lady Claire King in becoming pink costume, Lady Garioch, Mrs. and Miss Fletcher, the latter in white, Miss Duncan also in white and pale blue velvet. Among the hunting men we noticed Mr. Wroughton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Earl of Gainsborough, Colonel Codrington, Captain Laycock, Mr. Baird, Captain Burns-Hartopp, Captain Fitzwilliam, Colonel Brocklehurst, Colonel Malcolm Little, Mr. Phipps, Major McKie, Mr. Alfrey, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Billy Bass, Mr. B. Wilson, and many others.

Gone to Ground!

EXCITING MOMENTS WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLD AND THE WEXFORD

The Chiddingfold Hounds' Fox goes to ground after their Meet at Puddenham Cross Roads

Reynard has taken refuge underground, and the terriers are called upon to rout him out. Mr. G. H. Pinckard, the Master, is seen on the right

Parting Company. The Huntsman of the Wexford Hounds "goes to ground" after an awkward jump

Riders to hounds will agree that the hard highway is not the most comfortable place to alight upon

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Recollections." By Sir H. Drummond Wolff. (Macmillan: 30s. net.)
"The Scourge." By Warrington Dawson. (Methuen: 6s.)
"Eve's Apple." By Alphonse Courlander. (Unwin: 6s.)
"The Individualist." By Philip Gibbs. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

Sir H. Drummond Wolff's "Recollections"

Many people of the immediate present only know Sir H. Drummond Wolff, whose *Recollections* are published by Macmillan (30*s.* net), as our late Ambassador to Spain—his last post under the Government. While, of course, one of the ablest men ever sent to Madrid, Spain is, perhaps, the one country with which history will least associate his name, though I expect it will be long ere Spain herself forgets his curious and mysterious personality. Diplomatically speaking, Sir Drummond is essentially a man of the East—Greece, the Balkans, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia were, for thirty years or so, the scenes of his labours and triumphs. He began with Stamboul in '60; he finished at Bucharest in '91. But between his diplomatic wiles, there were others—political ones—and it is for these that he is better remembered still.

* * *

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was No. III. of the Fourth Party. There is an odd reflection to be made to-day of that party. Though it did Toryism the greatest service ever done to a political party by mortal men — it destroyed a powerful Liberal Government, and put a Tory one in power for nearly twenty years—the only one of its members who has reaped any lasting reward for his services is the man who contributed the least towards them—Mr. Balfour. Lord Randolph's qualities gained him high Cabinet rank—and lost it for him the same year. Sir H. Wolff never gained it at all, though, many years after, he was given an inappropriate Embassy. Sir John Gorst got into a Cabinet, and, speedily enough, out of it. Mr. Balfour, however, got in, remained in, rose to leadership and Premiership; and has fallen only apparently to rise again. The most interesting thing, politically, in Sir Drummond's book—which, of course, contains a glorious store of anecdote amply drawn upon by the daily papers—is what he says, and what he does not say, about Mr. Balfour. While he has eulogies, of sorts, for the other members of the "Fourth," and, in fact, for pretty well everybody he came in contact with, one gains the impression that he has none, not even a little one, for A. J. B.

Mr. Gorst, Lord Randolph, and I sat together, and were subsequently joined by Mr. Balfour, *whose object it was to cause Lord Salisbury's rights to the succession of Lord Beaconsfield to prevail over those of Sir Stafford Northcote.* Attempts have been made by supporters of Mr. Balfour to prove that he was not a member of the Fourth Party, though he sat with them. Unfortunately for this theory, there are a great many letters in existence which place a different construction on his actions.

This imputation of "motives" to Mr. Balfour is somewhat suggestive. There are also included two letters of the ex-Premier, in which that statesman replies to accusations of disloyalty in somewhat forcible terms.

* * *

Whatever may be the truth about the matter, there can be no doubt that the Conservative Party owes a very considerable debt to Sir H. Drummond Wolff, for it was his action as much as anybody else's that helped to place them in a power which lasted almost unbroken from 1886 until 1905. Sir Drummond it was who discovered and exploited the Bradlaugh affair, that terrible dilemma which was forced on the Liberal Party on the morrow of its triumphant return to power. One cannot help feeling that he did not reap the fullest reward. He helped to overthrow Gladstone, and was given—the Legation at Teheran. Perhaps it is understandable that he loves not Mr. Balfour, who, for far lesser services in opposition, reaped so immeasurably greater a reward.

Mr. Alexander Macdonal', F.R.G.S.
Author of "In the Land of Pearl and Gold" and "In Search of an Eldorado"

* * *

A Story of Smoke—and Character

I have before me *The Scourge* (Methuen: 6*s.*), by Warrington Dawson, a typical specimen of the American "Industrial" novel, having money-making as its principal heroic activity. The millionaire here is one Alfred Elkins, who, finding that the people of a Virginian town have actually, in order to keep body and soul together, to smoke cigars, sets to work to found a local tobacco plantation, which in time evolves into a factory, and gains a gigantic monopoly. Elkins has no heir. Once a rough working-lad saved his life, and Elkins rewards him by making him his adopted son. The business atmosphere of the story is by no means allowed to stifle its romance. The adopted son, Bloke, grows up into a fine young blackguard. Elkins would like

to disinherit him, but is too kind-hearted. However, he inserts a proviso in the will that, should he marry, the fortune passes from him. And, of course, as luck will have it, Bloke falls in love. In order to be able to marry the girl (who is, of course, his social superior) he renounces his fortune. Having cleverly laid the foundations of another, he proposes, but, because of the girl's vow to her dying father, is refused. He reassumes his original fortune, and develops into a hardened misanthrope and industrial tyrant. The story, in so far as it gives a splendid presentation of the character of a "rough diamond," is very powerful, and eminently worth reading, provided always the British reader does not find the tobacco smoke which permeates the book too dense for his enjoyment.

* * *

"Eve's Apple"

An admirably told tale is *Eve's Apple* (Unwin: 6*s.*), by Mr. Alphonse Courlander, whose undoubted gifts as a novelist are steadily maturing. The story is, this time, a worldly one. Mr. Courlander has, for the nonce, left the rustics for the elegants, and shows the same skill and taste in the treatment of complex as he has previously shown in the treatment of "primal" emotions. The central idea of the story, which is a "tale of two cities"—London and Paris—is the temperament of David Ingersby, philanthropist. David, like his namesake — one Copperfield—is saddled, at the outset, with an Agnes. Helen Carron shares his ideals and his work. Love, however, in the true sense, is hers alone. David "knows her too well to marry her." Besides, David, despite his altruism, is a man: he "prefers a body to a soul," and consequently is easily infatuated by the dazzling graces of one Gabrielle, a beauteous irresponsible, whom, on the decease of her third husband, he marries. Then begins the action. Gabrielle is a mercenary, and speedily leads David to financial ruin. In his flight he embezzles the money he holds in trust for Helen, and is imprisoned for his crime. Emerging, he finds the world to have forsaken him. Gabrielle has deserted him for another, and cuts him dead in the streets of Paris. Nobody sticks to him—only Helen, who nurses him out of a delirium, and receives back his prodigal soul.

* * *

"The Individualist"

In *The Individualist* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*) Mr. Philip Gibbs essays, with considerable success, a political novel. He forecasts a new grouping of parties, in which there will be Constitutionalists *v.* Socialists, with Individualists as "third party." The leader of the Individualists, Stretton Wingfield, is the hero, and the emotional interest centres in his passion for a village schoolmistress, Alicia Frenshan, a woman who combines intellectual qualities with somewhat tenacious affections. Stretton betrays the girl, but afterwards relents, and introduces her to his political associates. Alicia, like so many intellectually disposed women, has too high a standard for her hero, and is accordingly disappointed. Stretton is induced to desert the "cause of the people," which he has espoused as Individualist, and to join the Government ranks, for which he is ultimately punished at the polls by a Socialist, who is none other than Alicia's former lover, David Heath, the educated son of the village blacksmith, turned politician. Mr. Gibbs handles his material with skill; his people are well and clearly portrayed. The human side of the politician's character is well brought out, and the political issues are easily grasped by the reader. V. C.

* * *

Mr. Alexander Macdonald

The photograph on the previous page is of that most daring and versatile of travel writers and adventure fictionists, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, whose *In the Land of Pearl and Gold* is now published by Messrs. Blackie. It is a racy and exceedingly entertaining record of wanderings in Australia and New Guinea. The chapters on the former country are a reminder that the British Empire still "accommodates" races not so very much more civilised than in Crusoe's day.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff

The ex-Ambassador and Parliamentarian, whose "Recollections" are now published by Macmillan

Photographed specially for The Bystander *by the Graphic Photo Union*

Golf Notes and Notions

"The (Olympian) Gods, Some Mortals, and Mr. J. L. Low"

"*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*"

There has been lately quite a pretty kettle of fish in connection with the Olympic Games on their golfing side. Apparently, the trouble has been caused by a letter which never reached its destination. The Olympic Games, which were revived in 1896 by the efforts of Baron Pierre de Combertin, took place that year at Athens, in 1900 at Paris, and in 1904 at St. Louis. No golf competition was held at either of the first two games, but a so-called "World's Championship" formed part of the St. Louis celebrations, and was duly won by Mr. G. S. Lyon, the Canadian, who subsequently competed in our Amateur Championship at Prestwick in 1905. The question whether golf should form part of the modern Olympic Games can be argued at considerable length either way. Personally, I am of opinion that only those contests which can be held in the arena itself should be included in the Olympic events, and that all those games and sports which by their nature have to be decided elsewhere should be rigidly excluded. If this rule had been applied in the case of the forthcoming Olympic Games we should have been spared a good deal of ill-feeling both in regard to rowing and to golf.

Mr. J. L. Low

Whose letters to the *Scotsman* have given vent to his indignation regarding the arrangements concerning the golfing section of the Olympic Games. The trouble has arisen through the non-receipt of a letter sent by the Olympic authorities to the Royal and Ancient Club

The Facts of the Case

So far as regards golf, the facts seem to be as follows. The Olympic authorities say that in July, 1906, they addressed a letter to the Royal and Ancient Club, asking them to appoint a delegate to serve on the Olympic Council, presumably for the purpose of controlling the golfing part of the programme. This letter, unfortunately, never reached its destination. Thereupon the Olympic Council, apparently conceiving that the Royal and Ancient Club was either treating them discourteously or intending to have nothing to do with the "games," proceeded to co-opt Mr. Ryder Richardson, the St. George's Club secretary, and also the secretary of the Amateur Championship delegates, and gave him control of Olympic golf. Recently the programme of golfing events in connection with the Olympic Games has been published, and then, to use a vulgar expression, "the fat was in the fire." That watchful guardian of the rights and privileges of the Royal and Ancient Club, Mr. J. L. Low, moved to furious indignation by this appalling act of *lèse-majesté*, arose in his wrath, and poured out his indignation in a lengthy letter to the *Scotsman*, in which he cited the opinions of eight leading golfers, all, with one exception, dead against Olympic golf contests. This letter, which heaped a good deal of contempt on the nature of the proposed contests, a rather cumbersome form of scoring by teams of six aside, four scores in each team to count (a truly horrible form of golf), had the negative good result of clearing up the mystery of the apparently discourteous treatment of St. Andrews by the Olympic authorities. As I said above, their 1906 letter never reached St. Andrews, and although a second letter is said to have been sent, the authorities have no record to substantiate the fact, and it may be taken as a fact that St. Andrews never received any letter on the subject.

A Pertinent Question

Meantime, the pertinent question arises: Why did not the Olympic authorities make any further effort to clear up the silence of St. Andrews before co-opting Mr. Ryder Richardson? They must have been well aware that any part of the programme which had not got the sanction and active co-operation of the ruling body of the particular sport or game would be very much shorn of its prestige and authority. I take it that in the case of all their other competitions they had got into communication with the ruling bodies in the United Kingdom, and it is a thousand pities that they did not take the most careful and persistent steps to get into touch with the Royal and Ancient Club. The very fact that they addressed their circular in July, 1906, to the Club shows that they were well aware of the authoritative position held by it in the golfing world, and it ought to have been quite easy for them to ascertain the reason of the non-acknowledgment of their letter. Perhaps even before these lines appear in print the Olympic authorities will remedy their mistake, and make an effort to get into touch with the St. Andrews authorities. Otherwise we may take it as fairly certain that the golfing part of the Olympic Games will be more or less of a fiasco so far as participation by our leading amateurs is concerned.

One Useful Purpose Served

Mr. Low, in a second letter, has put this point pretty forcibly, though I think that he goes too far when he says that by refraining from asking for a reply to their 1906 letter, the Olympic authorities showed that they were not too anxious to receive an answer.

Judging them by their action towards other ruling bodies, I should not accuse them of anything more than an unfortunate lack of energy in clearing up the matter. It has been a melancholy misunderstanding, but it may have its good side to it if it serves to bring out once more into clear relief that leading players look to the Royal and Ancient Club as the ruling authority in the game of golf. ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGBY FOOTBALL

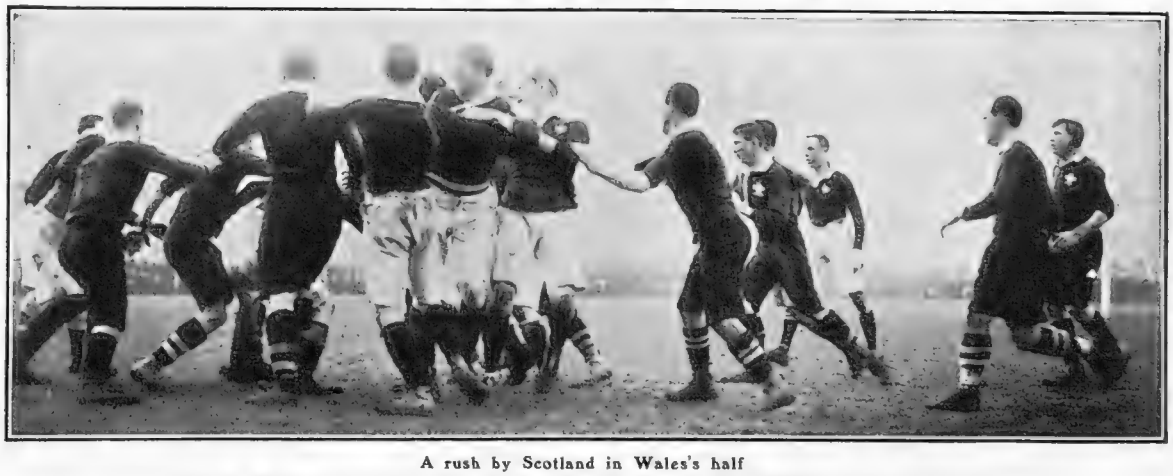
Wales v. Scotland: A Good Win Spoilt by a Doubt

It is always a great pity when, after a big match has been well and closely contested, a doubt remains as to whether the winners do not owe their victory to a mistake of fact on the part of the referee. Yet it frequently happens. It happened twice in the course of the New Zealanders' tour in Great Britain two seasons ago, first in their match *v.* Scotland, in which it was alleged that the Scotsmen were deprived of a try by "obstruction" which the referee did not notice, and again in New Zealand *v.* Wales, in which the New Zealanders claim to have gained one try more than was awarded to them, and thereby to have won the only match in which they sustained a defeat. And it happened again on Saturday in Scotland *v.* Wales at Swansea, where, after a tremendously hard fight, Wales got home by a solitary point. They obtained this lead in the second half, after Scotland had led at the interval by a goal to a try, and maintained it to the end; but it is alleged that in the last few minutes Greig, the Scottish captain, gained a try which the referee did not see, and that, after that, Winfield, the Welsh full-back, made a pass forward (it is not, by the way, a back's usual province to pass) so obviously and deliberately in order to save a "sitting" try from being scored that the referee ought to have awarded a try to Scotland instead of merely a free kick. These, of course, are matters of opinion, and, equally of course, the referee is supreme, whether as a judge of fact or as the possessor of a discretionary power to inflict penalties. His decision is final, and there's an end of it. This is the only true sporting view to take. But all the same, as long as the world goes round, people *will* talk about what they think, and it is more than a little vexing when a fine match like this one is marred by the feeling of doubt which is engendered by their talking.

The Play Summarised

To deal with the match itself, it may be said at once that there was really nothing in it between the two teams, and that the play of the forwards on both sides was better than that of the backs. On neither side did the wing three-quarters play quite up to their reputation, and this accounts, in some measure, for the comparatively low scoring. There were several passing runs by both sets of backs which ought not to have ended abortively, although the defence on both sides was admittedly good. There was one department of the game in which Scotland undoubtedly excelled, and that was dribbling, but many excellent rushes were spoilt, just when a score seemed imminent, by too hard kicking.

Kicking into touch to relieve



A rush by Scotland in Wales's half

WALES BEAT SCOTLAND BY SIX POINTS TO FIVE AT SWANSEA ON SATURDAY

Guy's Hospital get the Better of Oxford

One of the most remarkable of last week's Rugby results was the defeat of Oxford by Guy's Hospital. Of course, Guy's are one of the strongest sides in London this year, and out of fifteen matches played have won all but one, and that was drawn; but Oxford are such a fine team—when at their best—that I for one expected to see them win, although they had not their full side out. The score was three tries to a goal and a try, so there was not much in it, and Oxford were leading up to within a few minutes of time, when a hot attack by Guy's, and some brilliant work by their backs, led up to a fine try by Stringer, their speedy wing three-quarters. The Oxford forwards were not at their best, and were often beaten for possession of the ball in the scrums, while the tackling of the backs left something to be desired. Guy's, it is needless to say, are favourites for the Hospital Cup-ties, and it is anticipated that they and London will meet in the final. London, by the way, have nearly as good a record as Guy's.

Surrey v. Eastern Counties

Last week I chronicled the victory of Middlesex in the South Eastern Division of the County Championship. This week I turn to the other end of the table, where Surrey and the Eastern Counties, who had each so far failed to win a match in the Competition, met at Richmond last Wednesday to decide the destination of the wooden spoon. The Eastern Counties, weakened behind the scrum by the inability of W. C. Wilson, the old International three-quarter, to take his place (which had to be filled at the eleventh hour by a forward), scored first, and almost held their own up to half-time, but after that the superiority of the Surrey backs, as soon as they got together, told, and so the Eastern Counties became the unwilling possessors of the embarrassing emblem above mentioned. It would have been quite funny if Surrey had secured it, because right at the beginning of the season in an ordinary match (outside the Championship) they beat Devon, one of the crack counties

M. A. Noble

of the South West, in such good style as to lead an admirer at the ensuing dinner to describe them in a speech as a team of Internationals. And yet, after that, they failed in every match in the South Eastern Division—until the other day.

S. E. Gregory

THE RECORD-MAKERS FOR A FOURTH-WICKET STAND IN AUSTRALIA

HOCKEY

Oxford's Forwards Rearranged

The Oxford captain's task this term is by no means an easy one. Cambridge are undoubtedly one of the best sides ever turned out by either University, while his own team has proved rather one of "great expectations," which up to Christmas did not materialise with sufficient rapidity. This has been particularly noticeable in the case of the forward line, where plenty of talent has been forthcoming of the kind which is individually good, but collectively ineffective. I am, therefore, not surprised to see that since last term an entire rearrangement of the line has been tried. A. E. Rambaut, who formerly played centre, has been moved to outside left, and F. G. Mirfield, formerly inside right and an undoubtedly good "shootist," has gone to centre. His old place is occupied by L. C. Gamage, while Mackarness has been tried at inside left in place of R. M. Clark, so that S. H. Thompson (outside right) alone retains his original position. The experiment seems to have produced the goal-getting power which was lacking before, for Blackheath were beaten 11—2, Beckenham 8—0, and Mid-Surrey 5—1 (on Wednesday last). Twenty-four goals to three is not so bad. It shows, too, that the defence must be pretty sound, and here there has not been so much difficulty, the only weak spot being at left-half-back, for K. Raynor—the best man, apparently, for the post—may, perhaps, be wanted for the Soccer team. As the 'Varsity Soccer match is on February 15 and the Hockey match on February 19, it is quite a case, with him, of "how happy could I be with either."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities Compared

This reminds me that the Oxford Soccer team have also been doing rather better since the Vac., and their defeat of the Casuals last Saturday by 6—0 compares not unfavourably with the draw made by Cambridge the Saturday before with the Corinthians, for the Casuals had a pretty good side out, including Tetley, Craig, McIver, Pollock-Hodsoll, and Vassall. On the same day Cambridge drew with the New Crusaders at one-all,

and thereby to some extent atoned for the heavy defeat (10—2) which they sustained in their first encounter with the same club last term, though the Crusaders, for various reasons, are not as strong now as they were then. Writing a week ago I gave the preference to Cambridge for the 'Varsity match, but the encounter looks more open now, and it will be very interesting to see how Oxford fare against the Corinthians next Saturday at Queen's.

CRICKET

Some Notable Records Recalled

The partnership of S. E. Gregory and M. A. Noble, which realised 315 runs in the Inter-State match between Victoria and New South Wales at Sydney last week, is a fourth-wicket record so far as Australia is concerned; but it does not touch the English fourth-wicket record which stands to the credit of Abel and Hayward, who put on 448 for the fourth wicket for Surrey *v.* Yorkshire at the Oval in 1899. The next best fourth-wicket score is that of A. O. Jones and Gunn (J.) — 361 for Notts *v.* Essex at Leyton in 1905. The Abel-Hayward partnership is also the second best record for any wicket, the absolute first being that of Brown and Tunnicliffe who went in first for Yorkshire *v.* Derbyshire at Chesterfield in 1898, and in their scoring they were not divided until Brown had made 300 and Tunnicliffe 243, the full total standing at 554.

Rugby at Richmond: Surrey v. Eastern Counties

Lapage (Surrey) placing the ball for a kick at goal. Surrey won by 17 points to 6

ICE HOCKEY

The Prince's Club Tour

The Prince's Club ice-hockey team returned early last week from their annual Franco-Swiss tour, which embraced Grindelwald, where they were present for the "Sports Week," Villars-sur-Ollons, Les Avants, Lyons, and Paris. For the greater part of the tour they fully sustained their reputation for being the strongest club team in Europe, but its concluding portion necessitated rather too much work to enable them to do themselves full justice, for it involved continuous travelling with little or no rest between the matches. Leaving Villars on the 23rd for Les Avants, they played and won their return match with the Swiss Romande Hockey League; on Friday, the 24th, they rushed off to Lyons, where, on the 25th, they encountered, and were beaten, for the first time since the institution of the match in 1904, by the Lyons team, after a very exciting match, by 5 goals to 4. Next morning (Sunday, the 26th) they left Lyons for Paris, and that same evening played the champion club of France—Le Club de Patineurs—with whom they were a shade lucky in making a draw of it, thanks mainly to some marvellous goal-keeping by T. J. Unite. With three such strenuous days coming right on top of each other, the team—which, by the way, was not quite at full strength—may be congratulated on doing as well as it did. With a little more time to turn round, so to speak, it might well have gone through the tour with an unbeaten record. As it is, the defeat at Lyons will do little, if any, harm to the *prestige* of Prince's, while it will give a well merited lift to the men of Lyons, where the game is very popular, and is played in a most sporting spirit. In spite of its somewhat exacting nature, the tour proved thoroughly enjoyable, and there is every intention of repeating it next year.

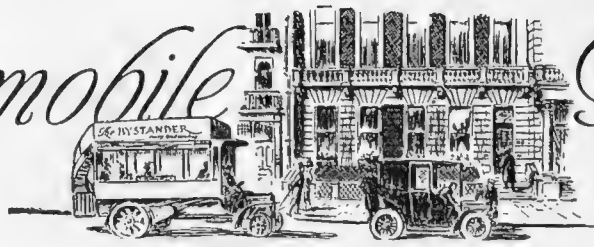
Soccer at Oxford: Nice dodging by Oxford's forward wing

Since the vacation Oxford have been doing rather better, and they were successful in beating the Casuals by 6—0

Hockey: Oxford University v. Mid-Surrey

Mid-Surrey were beaten on Wednesday by Oxford by 5 goals to 1

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

"I . . . hereby challenge Chevalier René de Knyff," and with these words the bold and valiant Knight, Sir Sydney de Edge, with flashing eye and menacing mien, entered the lists, and flung his gauntlet haughtily upon the ground before the French champion. By'r Lady! Gadzooks!! Except for the mention of the cars in the challenge one might almost imagine oneself reading one of Scott's romances of the Middle Ages. Tut, tut, Mr. Edge, what is the cause of all this excitement? Why this flutter in the dovecotes? Why this deposit of £250 at Brooklands on behalf of the three Napier cars you seem so supremely anxious to race against three Panhard cars of M. René de Knyff, without asking for stake-money to be deposited on behalf of M. de Knyff? . . When this startling challenge first met my eye and I realised that Mr. Edge was thus boldly challenging the President of the French Automobile Club on the unusual lines of staking £250 to win nothing in return, and, moreover, leaving to him the choice of weapons—or, at least, almost its equivalent, for M. de Knyff is empowered to select any distance for the race from 100 to 400 miles—no wonder, I say, I felt for a moment that we were again living in the age of chivalry, when the aim and desire of every good knight was but to earn honour and glory.

* * *

But diving deeper into the matter, the mystery at length became elucidated. Mr. Edge, in company with other British manufacturers, enters for the Grand Prix. The conditions of the race do not please him, or, to be exact, Rule 17, which specifies that the changing of wheels is prohibited. The authorities responsible for the rules governing the race for the Grand Prix do not object to detachable rims, but they prohibit entire wheels from being changed. Mr. Edge, who has conceived a great affection for the Rudge-Whitworth Detachable Wire Wheel, soon begins to protest, and when Mr. Edge does protest—a rare occurrence, to be sure!—there is no mistaking the meaning of his words. From his letters to the Secretary of the Royal Automobile Club the following phrases have been culled: "*Unless the French people deliberately want to do us an injustice, they cannot object to detachable wheels*"; "*if detachable wheels are not allowed to be used, it will mean that the Napier cannot compete, and the rule must obviously be made in favour of a well-known French type of detachable rim . . .*"; "*a more scandalous effort to promote the interest of the French industry against the interest of true International sport I have never seen.*"

This correspondence directly accuses the Automobile Club of France of being guilty of subterfuges directed to prevent six-cylinder Napiers from competing in the Grand Prix.

* * *

However, M. René de Knyff can hit out pretty straight from the shoulder, too. Interviewed on Mr. Edge's complaints, he says: "*I find Mr. Edge's charges stupid and laughable. He accuses us of all kinds of underhand motives. . . . I have observed that for a long time Mr. Edge has used this method of argument in the British papers. He invariably seeks some means of casting doubt upon the straightforwardness of foreign clubs. My own opinion is that Mr. Edge never intended to race, and that if he had intended he would not talk about being prevented because he is not allowed to use a certain kind of wheel.*"

* * *

Mr. Edge's counter-stroke to this is to issue the challenge with which these observations opened. But, of course, Mr. Edge knew that the challenge would not be accepted. He is perfectly well aware that M. de Knyff, the President of the A.C.F., could not put himself to the inconvenience of sending three cars to race Mr. Edge's Napiers because that entrant in the Grand Prix was dissatisfied with one minor condition. As for the £250 stake which Mr. Edge has deposited, it would not nearly pay the expenses of the race if it took place, even if M. de Knyff were to win. But I congratulate Mr. Edge on the success of his campaign. For the trouble of a little newspaper correspondence and a temporary deposit of £250 at Brooklands he gets a fine lot of gratuitous advertisement, as much almost as though he had won the Grand

Car-icature—No. LX.: Mr. Colin Defries, Jun.

A motorist of meteoric career, who, in little more than two years, has, by dint of pluck and persistence, brought to the front of the British market the Porthos car, of which he is the sole concessionnaire in this country. He is still on the right side of thirty

By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

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Prix. As an example, I, with several other subjects I wished to touch on, have devoted most of my space to Mr. Edge and his team of Napier cars which will not participate in the Grand Prix because detachable wheels are barred! *Sapristi!!*

* * *

Now as to the merits of permitting or forbidding the use of detachable wheels in the Grand Prix I will say nothing at this moment. The question is arguable, and the Rudge-Whitworth Company have sent a letter on the subject, temperate and closely reasoned, dealing with the matter from their point of view. But as regards Mr. Edge and his ways of achieving notoriety, I must say the time has come to call a halt when he so violently impugns the good faith of the distinguished gentlemen who rule in automobile circles in France because, rightly or wrongly, they do not include a condition in their big race which Mr. Edge thinks they ought to. Frenchmen look on us as sportsmen, whatever else they may think of us, but it is not sportsmanlike to turn round and impeach M. René de Knyff and the A.C.F. because the conditions of their race do not exactly happen to meet with Mr. Edge's approval.

* * *

Miscellanea

A numerical preponderance of nearly four to one would suggest real merit in the case of the favoured article, so that those who claim that mere patriotism—even Irish patriotism—accounts for there having been 401 Dunlop tyres fitted to cars and spare wheels exhibited in the Dublin Motor Show of January 4–11th, against 104 tyres of all other makes combined, are probably only partially correct. The 1907 figures were good enough in all conscience—230 Dunlops to 182 of all other makes of tyres combined—but this year's outnumbering must be counted really signal.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LX.: Mr. Colin Defries, Jun.

Mr. Colin Defries, jun., has had a meteoric career even in a business wherein reputations are quickly made. He is an instance of a young man with energy and determination becoming successful by his own unaided efforts. A little over two years ago he found himself in Paris at the Grand Palais, where the Motor Exhibition was being held, and his quick mind perceived *avec un coup d'œil* that a certain car, the Porthos to wit, was one of boundless possibilities. New on the market, a British concessionnaire had not yet been thought of. The subject of our Car-icature seized his opportunity, obtained an option for twenty-four hours of the concession, raised sufficient funds to purchase and bring his new treasure back to London, and so within a few days became a full-fledged motor trader on his own account. But even with the car, excellent in design and mechanism as it is, the fight was but beginning. It was a weary and heart-breaking effort to get a new car taken up by the British public, but Mr. Defries, by dint of pluck, persistence, and by keeping himself in the public eye, succeeded beyond, probably, his most sanguine dreams. To-day the Porthos is not only one of the best cars on the market, but, what does not always follow, one of the best-known. Mr. Colin Defries is a hustler, and has a charm of manner which endears him to his friends. He has also a great ally, youth, for he is still considerably on the right side of thirty. Our artist has caricatured him in the garb of Dumas' famous character, and he is fully as adventurous as the Porthos of immortal memory. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

En Route from Paris to New York, via "the Trackless Wilds'

After the Pekin-Paris race comes one from Paris to New York, organised by that enterprising French paper, *Le Matin*. Notice the impedimenta carried by the first car to meet every emergency during its forthcoming adventurous journey

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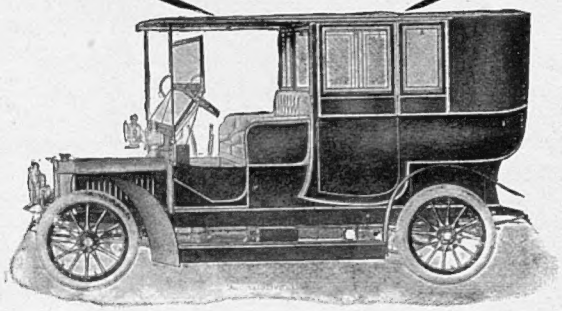

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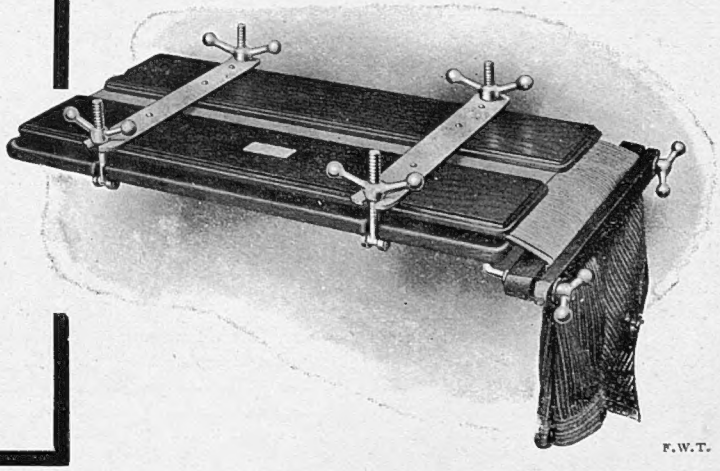


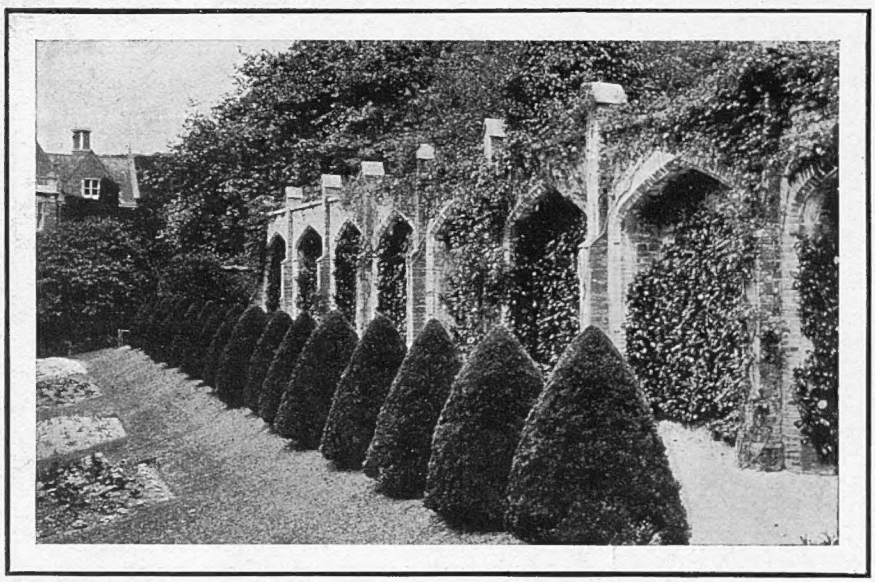
F.W.T.

THE GARDEN

RECESSED WALLS FOR FRUIT TREES

An Interesting Orange Walk

It is seldom that garden walls are utilised as they might be. If only they are recessed by means of buttresses, almost anything can be grown on them. Loudon, in his "Arboretum Britannicum" (published in 1838), describes the limes, citrons, oranges, and lemons thus grown at Combe Royal, in Devonshire: "The trees," he says, "are planted against a South wall, which is divided by buttresses, forming recesses in which the trees are trained in the manner of common fruit trees. Each recess is 12½ ft. wide, and about the same in height, and is protected during the winter by a frame of wood, which is wholly removed in the summer, and partially by day at other seasons, the trees only requiring to be guarded from severe frost. A more interesting sight cannot well be imagined by the lovers of horticulture than that which is presented by these trees on a sunny day in winter, when the open frames furnish a display of the richest foliage and of fruit rivalling the produce of foreign countries." How successful this method of cultivation is may be seen from the illustration showing



The Old Orange Walk at Combe Royal, Devonshire

These trees were fully described by Loudon in his "Arboretum Britannicum," published in 1838, and are striking examples of what may be grown without undue protection on a recessed wall. The tree on the extreme right is known to be more than two hundred years old

these trees as they are at the present day, three-quarters of a century later than when Loudon wrote. There is no need to erect any expensive and more or less permanent arrangement for protecting the trees. As a rule, roller blinds, which may be removed in a moment, are quite satisfactory if their thickness is regulated by the winter temperature which may be expected in the district. The orange is hardy enough to stand a few degrees of frost. It is only severe frost that injures it.

Floral Novelties for 1908

The seedmen's catalogues this year contain few novelties of remarkable merit. Quite Content, a pea of extraordinary size, is offered for the first time, but it is very expensive, three shillings and sixpence being charged for a small packet. None of the new sweet peas is likely to be as popular as Henry Eckford, which is considerably cheaper than it was last year. Mrs. C. Lowthian Bell is a new variety of chrysanthemum maximum of immense size, but whether increase of size by itself is always an improvement is doubtful. Orange King is a fine variety of Primula sinensis which has very beautiful salmon and orange flowers, while the yellow flowers of Primula Kewensis will be also welcome in the greenhouse in winter. A salmon-coloured cyclamen should be attractive; it is said to be vigorous in growth. Rosy Gem is a new delphinium which, though it cannot be called more beautiful than the many blues, gives us a change of colour, and may be especially useful if it opens the way for pinks and reds. Among asters there are the usual number of so-called novelties, but it is not always easy for anyone but the raiser to see the difference between them and some of the older kinds. An annual which, though not exactly new, deserves to be better known than it is at present is Kochia trichophylla. Its flowers are insignificant, but in form it bears some resemblance to a dwarf cypress, and as the foliage turns a deep red in autumn, it makes a charming pot-plant. H. C. DAVIDSON.

Kingsway Theatre

In order that she may have a successor to that tense and virile drama, *Irene Wycherley*, ready for production at any moment, and in accordance with her avowed policy of alternating plays of serious interest with pieces in lighter vein, Miss Lena Ashwell has just put into active rehearsal at the Kingsway Theatre a modern romantic comedy by Miss Cicely Hamilton, a lady dramatist as yet unknown to the public. At present, the name of the new play has not been determined upon, "The Adventuress" (the original title) and "Diana of the Drapery" (a later suggestion) being deemed unsuitable; but it may be safely said that Miss Ashwell is provided with a rôle which is full of temperament, though it is in strong contrast to any part that she has previously appeared in. There are seven female and three male characters in the comedy, the first act of which takes place in a large drapery establishment in the West End, the second and third in a Swiss hotel, and the fourth on the Thames Embankment.

Suburban Attractions (*With Telephone Numbers*)

BOROUGH, Stratford: *Babes in the Wood.* 897 East.

BROADWAY, New Cross: *A Message from Mars.* 196 Deptford.

CAMDEN: *Dick Whittington.* 328 North.

CORONET, Notting Hill: *Humpty Dumpty.* 1273 Ken.

CROWN, Peckham: *Jack and the Beanstalk.* 412 Hop.

CROYDON: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.* 12 Croydon.

DALSTON: *Cinderella.* 1871 Dalston.

FULHAM: *A Royal Divorce.* 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *Cinderella.* 1006 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton in *As You Like It.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *Red Riding Hood.* 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *The Midnight Wedding.* 41 Battersea.

At the Broadway this week Mr. Mouillot's Company in *A Message from Mars* holds the boards. The cast includes Messrs. Stanley Harrison, Cecil Brymer, and Percy Tyler, and the Misses Joan Ellis, Clara Hastings, Elsie Clair, Peggy Yeoman, and Mary Glendine.

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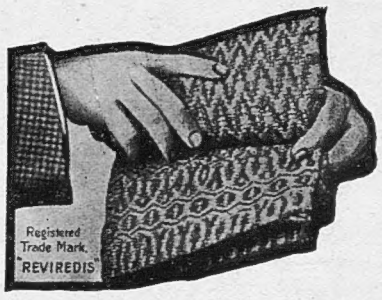

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

Sartorial Stagnation

The calm that is sandwiched in between the storms of the sales and the exactions of the season is upon us. The indifference of the otherwise indefatigable salesman is sublime. Having nothing to sell, he is the better disposed to conversation, consequently the air is rife with rumours of potential fashions. At the same time, it must be apparent to the very dullest intelligences that the coming season is big with promise of certain pronounced and drastic changes. Moreover, I, together with several of my sisters, am persuaded these will be realised, and I am in a mood to prophesy that ere the summer has settled in we shall be completely reconciled to the long-drawn-out sinuous appearance which *La Mode* is so assiduously courting us to accept. It is likely to be a sorry time for the short, stout woman. But, then, whenever was it that poor lady's hour? To be merely short, however, is no crime, innumerable imaginary touches being added under the prevailing regime of Princesse and elongated drooping effects.

A Smart Sports' Suit

In fawn scouring cloth, bound with black braid, and worn with a cinnamon-brown felt hat and brown boots and gloves

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

For the Sports' Girl

The exhaustive needs of the up-to-date wardrobe readily supplies a peg whereon to hang some justifiable purchase, and by such means there is avoided complete and utter stagnation. Although we have nowadays the sports' suit always with us, the between season is almost invariably selected for some fresh decision, a condition of mind, we may be sure, the sports' tailor is not slow to recognise.

I am perfectly satisfied on one point, and it is that only the properly trained hand can build the perfect sporting skirt, a skirt accurately balanced, and with never a suggestion of a dip anywhere. Some nice calculation, too, is required in the matter of width, a comfortable freedom walking hand-in-hand with consistency and lightness. If I may so dare, I think some of our leading sports' tailors might, with advantage, devote a trifle more attention to their skirts.

With the coats they are always *au fait*, and advance yearly in leaps and bounds in ingenuity of build. The deep-cut armhole, which allows the arm the full swing necessary in a long golf drive without disturbing the set and symmetry of the coat itself, is a capital innovation, and one very ably told in the accompanying sketch. This represents a suit built in fawn scouring cloth bound with black braid, and worn with a cinnamon-brown felt hat and brown boots and gloves.

Dresses at the Haymarket

Those in quest of advanced ideas should certainly go and see quickly *Her Father*, the new play at the Haymarket. The modistic value has been peculiarly safe in the hands of Redfern, Conduit Street, who have devised and created some really lovely toilettes, notably an evening confection, worn by Miss Angela Vanbrugh in Act III., of old gold Orient satin, with a most original corsage of gorgeous embroidery that continues in a panel down the whole centre front of the skirt, finishing either side in short pointed panels, each one weighted by a long gold tassel. The embroidery is on *filet* gold net, worked heavily in a raised gold design, and picked out with rubies and emeralds, and there are the sweetest little *pouf* sleeves of gold net. In the first Act, Miss Marie Löhr's soft grey cloth costume is very simple, but eminently charming, the long Empire coat braided, the Talma sleeves turned back with deep cuffs, ornamented with great braid buttons. Miss Löhr's evening gown, too, of white *crêpe-de-Chine*, is particularly dainty, the tiny short-waist bodice opening in front over a vest of gauged tulle, and held up over the shoulders above sleeves fashioned of superposed frills of *plissé* net by silver straps, a quantity of small silver roses serving as garniture about the *décolletage*. There is another frock of pink ninon, that is, to my mind, less attractive, although it illustrates the *bretelle* fichu, together with an original threaded arrangement of black velvet through gold lace on the corsage. And there is a strikingly